THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

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THE RESURRECTION OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

From Imla's coasts of flame—
From islands purple and red,
The wind of the resurrection came,
And the earth gave up her dead!

The primrose blossomed fair
In meadow, valley and heath,
And thrill'd were the deeps of the wild spring air
By the hyacinth's passionate breath!

The wind-flower's morning star
In twilight hollows shone—
And the hills were clasped near and far
By the violet's azure zone.

The red-vine blazed in the shade
Of the laurel, solemn and cold—
And the woodwort flashed her golden blade
From its sheath of the rich dark mould!

Wild flickering shades were flung
From fluttering leaf and wing—
And the breezy wood and uplands rung
With the voices of the spring.

From goblets cloudy and fine,
From fountains dewy and cold,
The sweet sunshine like a delicate wine
In billowy oceans rolled.

From the islands and the sea,
From the woods and the teeming sod,
Floated a wonderful melody,
Whose awful burden was—God!

West Philadelphia, March 29, 1859.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

Though the sound of a pistol at some distance in open air, an hour or two before, had not been able to awaken the sleeping cavaliers, it was different with the report of a shot fired so close to them. Up from the table, out of the chairs around, forth from the little beds at the side, sprang the suddenly alarmed denizens of the inn kitchen, and with the readiness of men accustomed to hourly peril, each of them had some weapon in his hand, while in the midst stood Lord Dartmoor, with the pistol he had just fired still in his grasp, and the light, blue smoke of the explosion curling round him.

"What is it?" cried one.

"Who fired that shot?" asked another.

"Hush!" exclaimed the young Earl, holding up his hand with a gesture of stern command.

All was silent for a moment, and the more experienced soldiers knowing at once what their leader meant, bent the head and listened eagerly. Feet running past were soon heard, and then the galloping of a horse.

"I fired that shot," said the Earl, answering the last question. "Gentlemen, our march is betrayed! I had thought we might get to Evesham without fighting; for it were as well to bring up both men and horses fresh for the King's service; but doubtless we shall be able to give a good account of whatever body of rebels we may meet to-morrow. Lilburn and his men have gone far to the North, and are probably defeated ere now by the good Earl of Derby. Their force in these parts must be small. Some one take up that fellow and search his person. We may find proof upon him of who set him on, and also some information regarding the enemy—Henry," he added in a whisper to Lucy's brother, "creep quietly up stairs and see if any one is stirring there awakened by this noise. If you find them awakened reassure them. If all is still, come down again."

"My lord, this looks like a cavalier," said one of those who had been raising the dead man; for dead he was, the bullet having passed right through his head.

"Then he looks not like what he was," replied Lord Dartmoor, approaching them; "he was a spy, and, doubtless, a traitor. Do you not see his belt? and that iron cap is London made, if ever I saw head piece forged in Ivy Lane. If not he was very unlucky; for had he not worn it he might have escaped till another day. What is that paper, Colonel Parry? Let me see!"

"It seems some directions," said the gentleman he spoke to, handing him the paper, "not very well written, nor very well spelled."

"Bring the exact tale of the malignants," said the Earl reading, "'get some speech of Sergeant H———.' Sergeant Haldemand on my life—'give that godly man to know that his tidings were like the waters of'—what is this word?—'though bitter at first, may be sweetened hereafter. We have not God-fearing men enough at hand to smite the Amalekite to-day; and the iron and the charcoal are wanting; but if he can devise how to stay the swaggering idolators for but four hours, we shall come upon their footsteps at the passage of the brook thou wot'st of and slay them there. Fail not to bring the numbers as exact as may be, lest we fall into a snare; and spread the tidings of our muster to all trusty men as thou passest along. Forget not, and let not our greedy fellow soldier forget that a reward of one hundred pounds is offered for the head of that viper, the Earl of D———, dead or alive. He sleeps little of nights, it is reported, and is apt to wander, like the lion seeking whom he may devour. It were hard to take him alive; but a chance shot might do good service, and would have its reward.'"

The young Earl smiled as he read, and so did several of his party as they listened to this description of their leader; and young John Grey suggested,

"Will it not be better to hang up that scoundrel Haldemand, my lord? I have known him turn his jacket three times, if he be the man I think. Father has a good stout bit of rope in the shed. It may have worse work to do."

"No," answered Lord Dartmoor, "no! I judge not, John. By my honor, gentlemen, were the King's business less pressing, I would willingly give these gentlemen an opportunity of coming up with the Amalekites. Methinks the writer of this unsigned paper is somewhat too confident, and if we did stay, the brook—that must be Sutton brook, some ten miles forward—might flow with other blood than ours. But that must not be. It has been a fault of many of our friends to forget the main object for some small advantage. The King by this time is in the very heart of the land, and every sword that can be drawn must hasten to him."

"Hurrah for the King!" said several voices round.

"Hurrah for the King, and the devil take Oliver's nose," cried another.

"The bankrupt brewer's gone to bed,
Gone to bed, gone to bed,
The bankrupt brewer's gone to bed,
Hulla, hoa, ho!
The bankrupt brewer's gone to bed,
With a napkin round his head;
What care I if he were dead?
Hulla, hoa, ho!—"

halloed out one of the cavaliers, whose short sleep did not seem to have completely cured the effect of his potations.

Lord Dartmoor seemed a good deal annoyed at the unseemly noise, and twice essayed to stop it, raising his hand and crying,

"Hush, gentlemen! Hush!" not alone, perhaps, that he thought the sounds would wake those above, but unwilling also that sweet Lucy Langdale should be made so harshly acquainted with the excesses of those with whom her father and her lover were forced to hold temporary companionship.

"Silence, gentlemen," he exclaimed at length, using a louder tone himself. "You are probably breaking the rest of those whom, as cavaliers and gentlemen, you are bound to comfort and protect. You do not know that we have had other guests to-night besides you traitor—ladies journeying to join their husband and father, as loyal a subject as King Charles the First or King Charles the Second ever had—the brave Sir Edward Langdale. They go forward under our escort to-morrow morning; but well I know that the presence of ladies never took the edge off a true gentleman's sword when it was drawn in their defence, and if we have to fight, we shall fight all the better because such eyes are looking upon us. Ha, Henry, has all this noise wakened them?"

"Did you say my mother and my sister?" asked young Henry Langdale, eagerly catching, as he descended, the announcement the Earl had just made; "no, all was still above."

"So let it be. They need rest," replied Bernard. "Now, gentlemen, to council. Some one remove that spy; but let his body be more strictly searched. You have heard that if we can be detained for a few hours the Roundheads will be upon us, and perhaps in force. Though that unsigned paper is assuredly not the writing of a soldier, yet he may have some more practised people with him to-morrow. We must be upon our guard."

"Were it not better to march at once?" asked one of the by-standers.

"No," replied the Earl, almost haughtily. "They shall not say I fled. We all want rest. The horses more than any. Let us go at the hour fixed, as if that paper had never fallen into our hands. We can have three hours more sleep; but some one must see the sentries doubled round our post, he must pick the men and make such arrangements that we be not taken at disadvantage."

"I will undertake that," said a hard-featured, elderly man; "I know every one of these boys, or most of them, and what each is fitted for—who will dose, and who will have both eyes wide awake. But I was just thinking what your lordship says is true. They may try to take us by surprise. This dead fellow had a companion. I heard him gallop off just as I tumbled out of bed, and doubtless he will bring them up quicker than they proposed."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not," replied the Earl, "these men were evidently not prepared for sudden action. I think, too, our party is more numerous than they imagined, and if their spy has found it so, his report may possibly deter them from any movement, especially when they know that his comrade has been killed or taken, and their purposes divulged to us. No, no! They cannot be yet prepared. We have made as rapid a march as any on record, and have gained strength in almost every village. Unless some spite of fortune should have brought reinforcements for Cromwell this way, they have no force betwixt this and Worcester which we cannot out through. But still we must miss no precaution. I thank you much, my good friend, for taking the charge of the guard off my shoulders; for I think I must have some rest. I have not slept to-night."

"Nor last night either," said the old soldier, gruffly. "I saw you steal out and go all the rounds when we were at the 'Horse Shoe and Magpie.' How you manage it, I know not.—You are but a slim youth, and yet you do more work than any three men of twice your weight. Now, lads, all be quiet, and let the good lord have a little rest. I'll warrant he is up before any of you to-morrow."

The old man left the room, taking with him one of the younger officers; and two of the other men carried the corpse of the dead soldier into the shed behind the house. There they again searched his person, but in vain; nothing was found upon him but a small sum of money and a pack of well-thumbed cards, which showed, or seemed to show, that he was one of the loose characters who, in that age, floated between the two great parties, deceiving and betraying the one, and tolerated and employed by the other for certain serviceable qualities, which, in their eyes, like charity, covered a multitude of sins, the most repugnant to their saintly principles. Lord Dartmoor remained in quiet conversation with young Henry Langdale till they returned, while of the rest of the Cavaliers, some sat and nodded on the seats around, some crept to their beds again, and soon were sound asleep once more. The incident of the night passed as a matter of small moment to men whose whole life was spent in daily peril and excitement. A man had been killed; a life had gone out; an active, busy human existence, with all its feelings and sympathies, its faults and follies, and mayhap its virtues, too, had been extinguished; but what was that to them? They had seen many a man so die; they were ready so to die the ensuing day themselves. We get too soft in our closets; the battle field is the place to steel men's hearts against the enervating sympathies of this most mortal state of being.

What were the feelings of the Earl of Dartmoor? His hand had fired the shot. His deliberate aim had taken the life of him who had just been carried out. His heart was as warm and kind and generous as any in the world—as unwilling to give pain, as liberal to afford pleasure, as tender of another's feelings, as careful of another's life; but it was by no means weak. He had felt no hesitation when he fired; he had felt no regret after it was done. He had done his duty. That was enough for him.

CHAPTER XV.

The sun, an early visitor—and often, alas! an unwelcome one at that time of year, was more than a hand's breadth below the horizon; but it had sent its messengers forward, in the shape of slanting rays, which fringed the edges of the brown clouds with gold, and spread a yellow and increasing gleam through the gray sky. The rain had ceased; the dawn was beautiful; the promise of the coming day as bright as hope. But yet there were the tears of yesterday upon the grass; drops fell slowly from the leaves of the stunted trees; and, as the eye ranged over the moor, small ponds, swelled by the deluge of the night before, glistened in the growing light. It was calm, too. The wind, which, during the preceding evening had sported with the heavy water falling from the sky, as if to show how the finer element can master the more dense, dashing it here and there where it sought not to go, had sunk to a profound calm; and you could hardly see the leaves of the aspen quiver on the spray.

But it needed no pouring rain or gust of wind to rouse Lord Dartmoor. He was awake with the first ray; and a soldier's toilet was soon made. A plentiful ablution, and no more was wanted; the fair hair, thrown back from the face, fell at once into its natural curls again; and the pointed beard and long moustache needed no razor. The broad buff belt across his shoulders was soon thrown on, and the blue scarf, with its sword knot, took no long time to adjust. The whole process, perhaps, might occupy ten minutes; but while it was going on, any one—if any had been watching—might have seen that the form, apparently so slight and juvenile, was in reality one of great strength, that the chest was wide and expanded, the shoulders large and muscular, and that the arms, though somewhat long, were furnished with muscles clearly defined, even to the eye, full of power and force. Each seemed distinct and separate, like the cordage of a vessel, but each was tremendously powerful in itself, and gave the idea both of vigor and activity.

While the sword was being examined and thrust back into the sheath, and the pistols received fresh priming, Bernard March gazed upon the sleeping companions around him, who had not been awakened by his preparations, and though perhaps he might envy them in a degree the power of casting off so completely the load of thought, he could not but feel that, blessing though it be, this insusceptibility is a blessing of the lower order.

"Well, let them sleep a little longer," he said to himself, "ten minutes of such sleep as that, is to them worth a world of anxious waking. The time allowed is not yet quite expired. Let them sleep. I am too impatient.

But Bernard March, deceiving himself perhaps a little, and while exacting as strictly as circumstances permitted the punctual performance of duty, was always willing to lighten the labor to others by taking the greater part of the burden upon himself; and although he quietly woke Henry Langdale, and bade him go up and rouse his mother and sister, in order to prepare for marching as soon as the sun had really risen, he himself walked forth to visit the sentries, and give the necessary orders for early departure.

Seated on a stone mounting-block, between the house and the stables, he found the old soldier who had undertaken the watch during the last hours of darkness. The good man could hardly be said to be asleep, though he was nodding. It was the slumber, if slumber it was at all, of the large house-dog, ready to spring in a moment at the throat of an enemy who had perhaps fancied himself unseen. He started up the moment his leader's step was near him; but there was neither any appearance of drowsiness, nor any attempt to conceal or excuse it. He neither stretched, nor yawned, nor complained of the heavy fatigue of the last four days' march; but merely told the Earl that all had gone well, though Sergeant Haldemand had seemed very uneasy.

"Let all the men be roused," said the Earl, "the horses saddled, and the party ready to start in half an hour. But, my good friend, let the priming of every pistol be seen to, and every sword easy in the sheath. I have a feeling that we may have to draw them. It may be but a fancy, but these are times when precaution is never useless."

"It is useless in no times," said the other; "that Haldemand would have been off twice this last night, if you had not taken precautions; but he vows it is all because he will not be suspected, and that he will not serve with your troop, if you do not feel confidence in him. If I were you, I would shoot him before we go. It would save trouble now and hereafter."

Lord Dartmoor smiled, and shook his head, saying,

"Waste of powder, Master Clarke! waste of powder! You are not economical. We may make him shoot some of his friends, before the day is over, and perhaps make them shoot him; so there will be a double saving. But as I have said, get all the men under arms, and in the saddle; those in the barn have their horses ready. Send up the ladies' horses first. Then bring up the rest. Remember, you have but half an hour."

"It is done, my lord! it is done," said the old soldier; "there is only one thing more, I wished to say. If I should be tumbled over the crupper, by a chance shot, remember I have a boy about fourteen, at South Mear. You take care of him. His mother, God made an angel of six years ago. You take care of him; breed him up to love his King, and show him how to live as I lived, and die as I died."

The Earl pressed his hand firmly; and the good soldier felt that pressure was as good as a vow. The young lord then took his way towards the house again—and in the kitchen gave manifold orders, which, in a regularly organized force, might well have been spared; but though, all or most, were soldiers who had seen some service, yet all were volunteers who had obeyed a sudden call to follow him in the King's need; and if I may use the term, had not yet "jostled into their places" in the regiment he had been raising.

There were few supernumeraries there. Accustomed to attend upon himself, his own domestics aided to swell the ranks of his fighting men; and the only attendance required by their lord was the care of his horses. All was by this time busy in the inn; one man had wakened another, and though there were those who yawned, and those who scratched the head, each had made some progress towards that renewed activity which was the life of every day. Henry Langdale was not present, having gone up to arouse his mother and sister; and the good dame of the house and her husband were busy in preparing all they could supply for some food for the soldiers before they marched. Young Grey was up, and was leaving the door just as Lord Dartmoor entered, and a great deal of eager bustle was going on about the stables, where so many of the troopers had been sleeping.

"Well, Henry, how have they slept," asked the Earl at the foot of the stairs, meeting his young protegé just as he was about to ascend, "are they getting ready quickly?"

"They are as busy as newly wakened bees," answered Henry; "are you going up to see them?"

"As I come down," said Bernard March; "I am going to the top of the house, to take a look over the country round. It is flat and bare enough till we get to Woodford Bridge, if I remember right; but it is still as well to examine the way, for the barenness which lets us see, will also let us be seen. You go down and keep the men alert, Henry. The sun, you see, is just above the edge of the sky."

Thus saying, he passed on, reached the little corridor—in a room issuing from which Lady Langdale and Lucy had passed the night—mounted another short flight of steps, and having learned the position of the trap door from the good dame below, issued forth upon the roof. It was somewhat dangerous climbing; for as was then almost universal in England, the angles were acute and many; but at length the young Earl reached a point from which he could see all around.

The view was very extensive on three sides. It was not exactly a purely English landscape; for its principal features were exceptional; but it was a landscape very characteristic of England. The sun, as Lord Dartmoor had said, had just burst above the horizon, and spread his early rays over the whole scene, too feeble as yet to raise the deluge of the night before, even into the light mists that often hang about the first footsteps of the morn, yet bright enough to change every drop upon the trees or on the grass, into the semblance of liquid rubies. On one side—the side by which the young Earl and his troop had come—the view was cut off by some wooded ground and hedge rows; but about that, he cared very little; for that part of the country he knew to be loyal, and there was no chance of pursuit from that quarter. On the three other sides, spread the flat moor of which we have spoken heretofore. Those who have travelled much in Worcestershire and its neighborhood, must well remember it; for it offers a remarkable contrast to the pleasant undulations of that most charming country, and though there are slight inequalities—a dell here and there—a little monticule, flanked with dark firs—a craggy belt of wood—a sand pit—or a low ridge of barren gravel—he who mounts up even to the roof of a low house, can see over the whole heath, and note an object not much bigger than a lap-dog.

One general glance, and then slowly and deliberately the Earl's eye ran over the whole extent of the plain, as it spread out from a line about two miles from him to the limit of the horizon, where some hedge-rows and dark trees showed that cultivation and fertility were once more prevalent. Gradually the circle of his glance became narrower and narrower, left the wide plain, and scanned the country nearer to the spot on which he stood.

That little inn, as I have shown, was the last outpost of man's industry, as it were, upon the outskirt of the waste. There was the house itself, which probably derived four-fifths of its custom from being the last place for repose or refreshment before crossing the river; there were the stables, but a short distance off, the shed behind, two or three little out buildings of no great consequence, and the large barn, standing a good deal farther back to the east. Between the barn and the stables, was a considerable kitchen garden, and a field of peas, not yet ripe. There were various little groups of trees scattered around, and one long, low copse of osiers, with a small stream running through it, which began, Heaven knows where, and terminated at the same distance, forming a narrow line, which marked the commencement of the actual moor. Near the stables and near the house were several groups of soldiers, and one or two men were hanging about the sheds, while some foreign-looking servants held the horses which had brought the two ladies during the night before, and were endeavoring to put the weather-stained caparisons in somewhat decent trim.

Such was the scene that met the eyes of Lord Dartmoor, when first he looked forth. What is it he sees now, which makes his look change and his eye strain upon a low dip in the moor, about a quarter of a mile distant? It is that small gleaming line which looks like a serpent creeping towards where he stands, while that little row of men's heads in steel caps, upon the left, seems coming up to meet them?

He pauses to count, to calculate. They are not many. Some two hundred men in all. But them behind that line of osiers, there is a gleam of corselets and buff coats coming on quick—at a sharp trot.

No time is to be lost. In five minutes they will be before the inn. But five minutes in love or war is everything.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few steps—there were hardly three—brought the Earl of Dartmoor to the little, narrow, deal-lined corridor, in one of the rooms branching from which Lucy and her mother had passed the night. The door was open, as were several others, and from the latter, some figures were seen passing towards the top of the stairs which descended to the kitchen. Young Henry Langdale stood quietly talking to his mother and sister, and the maid appeared tranquilly placing some travelling apparel in large leathern saddle-bags.

The peacefulness of the scene formed a strange contrast with the impetuous haste which had possession of the young Earl's bosom—ay, and even with that which his countenance displayed.

"Good Heaven, Bernard, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lucy, the moment she saw him. "Something has gone wrong."

"Keep to your room, dear girl," replied her lover. "The enemy are upon us. Go not near the windows whatever you may hear; but remain quietly seated till I send for you. Stay with them, Henry, you shall have others with you in a moment. Throw the beds across the windows, and keep the ladies out of fire."

He was turning to depart; but seeing the terror in Lucy's face, he added a word of comfort.

"These men are not many," he said; "we will soon dispose of them."

Then bounding down the stairs, into the midst of the cavaliers, who, some wholly and some half-dressed, were effacing the remnants of sleep by applications to old John Grey's stone bottle, he exclaimed, aloud—

"Arm! arm, my friends! The Roundheads are coming round the copse in force. Bar up the windows. Hark, young John Grey, can you—dare you run like lightning to the barn? Here, take this order," and he wrote in pencil, with a rapid hand, a few words upon a scrap of paper torn from his pocket-book. As the young man sprung forward to receive his commands, the young Earl added—"You, Luke, speed to the stable. Bring up what men are ready, and all the powder and ball you can find. Some horses, too, to the shed, where that dead fellow lies, if you have time; but remember, you have not a moment to spare. In three minutes they will be upon the green. Surrender?" he continued, turning sharply round; "who talks of surrender? Were they ten to one, here would I lose my life, or here would I win it. Quick, boy, quick! Time is everything."

The young man ran forth to obey his orders; and the Earl, turning instantly to the rest, gave directions for securing all access to the house, placed sentries at the door of the shed and at the back door of the inn, took measures for assuring immediate support to any point that might be attacked, and placed as many men as he could collect at every window.

"We have nothing but our pistols, my lord," said one of the cavaliers; "if we had but the horses, we might do something."

"We will do something without the horses," said Bernard March, in a confident tone. "This day and this place shall be famous in story, if each man does well his duty to his King. Reserve your fire, my men. Let each shot tell. He who now throws away an ounce of lead is a spendthrift. You, Harding and Moresby, see to the ordering of the men. I saw a ladder without there. Let it be brought in. We must not let them get at the upper windows. I must go out before the door, to see what is going on."

Though all was spoken with extreme rapidity, every order was clear and precise; and from the confidence of all around in their young leader, was obeyed with readiness and punctuality. The lower part of each window was blocked up with whatever was nearest at hand; stools, tables, benches were brought forward to enable the little garrison to fire from the small spaces left above; and as many as could stand upon such frail platforms were posted so as to have the most advantageous aim at an approaching enemy.

"I could not count them, gentlemen; but they cannot be two to one," said Lord Dartmoor, with his hand upon the door, "and they can have no cannon. They had not time, for all they had ready prepared have gone north. Surely two cavaliers are equal to one roundhead."

He paused a single moment, as if to calm his unusual excitement, and then opening the door of the inn, went forth.

All was as yet tranquil before the inn. There was the little green, with its little flock of solitary goslings, stretching their long necks and biting at the short grass; there were the two or three solitary trees, still dripping with yesterday's rain; there was the troop of cocks and hens strutting about in the morning sunshine, while chanticleer's shrill clarion seemed to crow defiance to all enemies. But all else was quiet, except where at the stable were seen some men, running across towards the inn, with armfuls of carbines, and others hauling along bagfuls of powder and bullets. Two or three were also seen bringing forward horses, or pausing to put their accoutrements in order. At the barn, somewhat farther distant, all was still, except that a man once or twice put his head forth and looked out for a moment.

"Take them in and distribute them," said the Earl to the lads who were carrying the powder and balls; "are any of the men coming up?"

"Yes, my lord," said one of the young men, "Sergeant Haliday's guard is all ready, but their banderols, and will be here in a moment."

"Go in, then, and stay there," said the leader; "each man must be a General now, especially if I fall. If so, Strange commands you, remember. We want some horses much. Those fellows are delaying too long."

At that moment there was the sound of a trumpet on the road; and the head of the enemy's advance began to appear; but at the distance of some two hundred yards the troopers halted, as if to reconnoitre, and some of the cavalier horses were hurried rapidly across the green, and led to the shed at the back of the inn, while a body of some twenty men, well armed and in good order, marched deliberately as if they were on parade, from the stables to the house.

Lord Dartmoor looked once or twice into the inn kitchen, where all presented itself as might have been expected, the young men bustling and active with somewhat ill-directed exertions, the old soldiers calm and stern, looking out from time to time to see what was going on, and then turning quietly to their work again, as if they neither feared nor cared much for the result.

"This little brush is lucky," said Lord Dartmoor to one of the younger soldiers, who showed more restless anxiety than he liked; "it will teach you to be cool, and will make better soldiers for King Charles on a more important day. Go in! close the door; do not lock it, you foolish boy! I am not going to fight all those fellows alone."

As he spoke, the sound of a trumpet was heard from the other side of the green, and three horsemen were seen advancing slowly abreast; one of them carrying a white flag.—Lord Dartmoor stood calmly before the door, with his arms crossed upon his chest, while

some more horses were run across the open space behind him.

"We would speak with a man calling himself the Earl of Dartmoor," said an old weather-beaten officer, in a buff coat and cuirass. "Will you lead us to him?"

"Your journey need be but short," said the young nobleman. "I am he. What is your business with me?"

"Thou? thou?" said the other. "Thou art but a youth. This is a famous soldier, though unhappily for himself and his country, a bitter malignant."

"Whether famous or not, whether malignant or not," replied Bernard March, "I am that Earl of Dartmoor of whom you speak.—What would you with me?"

"Well, then," replied the old man, "I think thou wouldst not lie to me; and I answer, we bear you a flag of truce, hoping to spare the effusion of Christian blood this day."

"I never lie," replied the Earl; "be that for others. What have you to propose?"

"Good quarter," answered the other, "and what we can do for thee with the Parliament, seeing thou makest no resistance. We have thee in a snare, young man; and it were better for thee to yield to force thou canst not resist."

"The partridge is caught in the net," answered Lord Dartmoor; "the eagle or the falcon breaketh through. Such is your proposal. Now hear mine. I will give you ten minutes to retire from that road; and I will not pursue you nor attack you on your march, if you behave sweetly and discreetly, as you call it yourselves; but if you retire not, and show any signs of waylaying me and my men, the consequences be on your head."

"So be it," replied the other; "understand, I summon thee to surrender. Sayst thou yea or nay?"

"Nay," answered the young Earl, calmly, "and now, sir, enough of flags of truce. You have sent one; and I have received it. I warn you to send no more; for more I will not receive. You had better retire, for your men are advancing your line, which mine are not likely to tolerate."

"They do so but to give Captain Shorefield's corps room to come up," answered the other "However, I have your answer; and I go," and seeing another small party advancing from the stables, it might be towards the house, it might be to cut off his retreat, the old gentleman made a retrograde movement towards his own people with no slight haste.

Now there can be no doubt that in every class of the Parliamentary army there were men of as high courage and as great military skill as the world ever saw; but it is certain that, in the haste and confusion with which reinforcements were sometimes levied, people of very different qualities crept in, and very often a force which looked well on paper, and perhaps might be drilled into an efficient corps, was found in the beginning to be incompetent. Moreover in that army, as in most others, there were to be found persons whose genius was assuredly not military, whom nature, age, or circumstances had rendered somewhat nervous, but who, seeking distinction, wealth, or fame, occasionally took arms on the side of the dominant party, and could screw their courage to the sticking point so far as to go through scenes most abhorrent to them without showing too prominently the weakness which in reality beset them. Many of these men rose to respectable positions; and zeal in what was considered the good cause covered the frailties which might otherwise have been disastrous to themselves. That they were sometimes disastrous to the side with which they had taken part, none who reads the history of those times can doubt; but the genius and vigor of Cromwell and several of the parliamentary officers, and the insubordination and rashness of many of the bravest Cavaliers, more than compensated for any deficiency on the part of the commonwealth.

But, bred from his infancy almost to arms, and keen in his observation of human nature, Bernard March had speedily concluded that the old man who had come forward with the flag of truce, notwithstanding his calm and assured demeanor, was one of those who, imagining he saw an easy success before him, had put himself forward to cut off a small party of royalists, without either much experience in war or much vigor of character; and his hasty retreat to the head of his troop confirmed that impression. The Earl's eye too, running over the line of the enemy, at once detected in them unmistakable signs of fresh and undisciplined levy. Here a suit too big for the man who wore it, there a horse evidently taken from the plough or the cart, a gap in the line at this place, a crowd at that, showed plainly that he had raw recruits before him; and, though he doubted not, that there were older and better soldiers among them, he turned towards the house again with better assurance than he had gone forth. "One moment of panic," he thought, "and they are all gone."

On entering the inn, he found it filled with soldiers. Every window was garnished with as many men as it could afford room for, and some had even climbed up to the top of the house, and were prepared with pistol and gun to give any attacking party a warm reception.

"How many men," he asked, "are still in the stable?"

"Some forty, sir," replied one of his troopers: "they thought they could not get across with the horses."

"Better where they are," replied the Earl, "if they do but act at the proper moment. Here, take this order—run for your life, and do not return."

A few words were again written on a scrap of paper; but Bernard stopped the man for an instant, asking,

"Who commands there?"

"Strange, my lord," replied the soldier.

"A good man!" said the Earl, "all is safe. Tell him we will scatter those men in five minutes if they do not move off without fighting—now quick give him that."

The man departed and ran across the green, and though a few shots were fired at him ere he reached the stables, the Earl watched him from the door and saw him enter unhurt.

"Now look and bar that door," said the Earl, "and let the men at the side windows take care no one comes near it with petard or powder bag. I go up for a moment to watch their next movements. We shall soon put you flock of sparrows to flight, or I am mistaken—Hal Luxmore, get a ladder, if one can be found, to the light above the door. You can have two guns there."

Thus saying he began to mount the stairs, and perhaps it may be forgiven him, even by the most military reader, if we confess that he paused for a moment at the door of Lucy Langdale's room, and just put his head in, saying,

"Fear not, my love. Those men, though rather more numerous than we, are nothing but raw recruits. They will soon be disposed of."

She answered not, but merely pressed his hand; and with a nod to Henry, and a brief word of encouragement to the men who were standing at the window with him, the young Earl climbed up to the roof.

The Roundheads had as yet made no forward movement; and at first there seemed a good deal of confusion among them; but, after gazing for a minute or two, Lord Dartmoor saw some fifty of the troopers dismount. A party of ten or twelve in scattering order then advanced towards the inn, while the rest of those on foot followed in firm array about twenty yards behind the first, and the cavalry wheeled upon the green, both covering their rear and menacing the stables. For a moment the young Earl continued to watch them; then saying to himself, "There are better soldiers among them. This must be looked to," he sprang down the stairs into the kitchen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three *years*—or four copies sent to one direction *for* one *year*.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
	Grace Greenwood.
	Florence Percy.
T. S. Arthur.	Martha Russell.
Emma Alice Browne.	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Author of "My Last Cruise."
Author of "The Scout."	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

NOT SETTLED YET.

It appears that the vexed question of the morality of marrying a deceased wife's sister, is not, after all, yet settled in England. The bill to legalize such marriages did, indeed, pass through the Commons, but in the House of Lords it has been defeated—by the trifling majority, however, of only ten. The Bishops, it appears, were by no means unanimous on the religious aspect of the question. The Bishops of Exeter and St. David's contended that such marriages were incestuous; the Bishop of Carlisle, on the contrary, believed them to be in accordance with the Levitical Law; while several other Bishops regarded such unions as immoral, but not within the degrees prohibited by the Scriptures.

Our readers will remember that it was a custom among the Jews—one alluded to in the presence of the Saviour on a certain occasion, without drawing forth any condemnation from his lips—for a man to marry the wife of his deceased brother, in case the said brother had died without children. Now, if it was not unlawful, but positively meritorious, under certain circumstances, for a woman to marry her deceased husband's brother, we do not see how it can be considered any more unlawful for a man to marry a deceased wife's sister. The two cases seem to be so analagous, that really we cannot see how one should be right and the other wrong.

For that matter, there are often cases in which marriages of the kind under consideration—if there are to be second marriages at all—have a great deal to recommend them. One objection to such marriages, is the danger that the children of the first wife may not be so well treated by the new mother of the house, as her own. Now, if the first children are the children of a loved and lamented sister, an additional and powerful motive is enlisted to prevent any unjust treatment of them. Besides, the former intimacy of the aunt with the children, enables them to receive more cheerfully and fondly the often very repulsive idea of a stepmother. These, it will be evident to all reflective minds, are highly important considerations. For it is a serious thing to bring a new mother into a family of children—a generally unpleasant thing, at the best—and when it is done, if the preferences of the children can be, in the nature of things, at all consulted, it is well not only for the children, but for all parties concerned.

As to the arguments urged against such marriages, drawn from practical life, we confess that we are unable to see their force. One, that the legalization of such marriages would put an end to the close intimacy which now subsists in England between sisters, the experience of this country proves entirely baseless. That, as the law stands at present in that country, it is a fruitful source of evil, there is great reason to believe. Mr. Champneys, the rector of White Chapel; Mr. Dale, the rector of St. Pancras; Mr. Gurney, the rector of Marylebone; the Right Rev. Prelate, the late rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, all of them men who, from their position, are well acquainted with the habits of the poor, have expressed their opinion that the forbidding of these marriages leads to great immorality and much unhappiness among those classes. For the connections in question are constantly being made, and considered justifiable by those who make them—allowable in point of morals, if not in point of law—while the fact of their illegality opens a wide door to deception and wrong. Unless therefore clearly forbidden by the divine law, it would seem the part of sound policy and good morals to legalize them as soon as possible. We have little doubt, for ourselves, that many sessions of Parliament will not pass, without the English marriage laws being conformed in this respect to our own.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—Mr. W. S. Webster, a son of Dr. Webster, in reference to the statement published in THE POST of last week, says:

When the public know that of the list of words so ostentatiously paraded in the newspapers of the day, many of them are *not* spelled as there represented in any of the books belonging to our present series; that most of the others are given by us in both forms of spelling, just as the English lexicographers have sometimes done; that these are not the "innovations" of my father, as alleged, but the *recommendations* of Lowth, Walker, Perry, and other British authors, and are designed to carry out the acknowledged analogies of our language; that all the words of disputed orthography number only *forty-two* out of *ninety thousand*—well may they exclaim, "*What! Is that all?* THAT! *Has* THAT *made such an uproar in the literary world?*"

The "list of words" alluded to, having been published by us simply for the information of our readers, we thought it only fair also to publish the above remarks of Mr. Webster's thereupon.

CUBA.—The New York *Sun* says that the first of April—a rather inauspicious date, one would think—was the day appointed by the Revolutionary clubs of Cuba for a rising in that island. It further says that the "New York Convention of Cuban Patriots," well provided with arms and ammunition, sailed for the island in the latter part of March. At the time we write this, nothing has been heard of any outbreak.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

E. E. We cannot tell you how to make a lady's riding dress. There you have us. Perhaps some of our fair readers can give you the information, however. We like to encourage the practice of horseback riding, both for ladies and gentlemen. It is conducive alike to health and delectation.—We to a nation when it gives up the horse.

S. U. D. We would not think of it. If you and your wife were fitted for hard work, it might be different. It is curious what a delusion possesses so many, that they can do better somewhere else than at home. As a general truth, at home, if you have lived an honest and virtuous life, you can do better than anywhere else. Think of it. At home you have friends, you are known, you have established a character—all most important aids to success, and which you will miss in a new place. It may take years to acquire them—for it goes a great way in knowing *what* you are, that the people around you know *who* you are.—Of course, there are many exceptions to this general rule of staying at home. When the bees fill the hive, they must swarm—and a man who is embarrassed, in means or reputation, can often do better by shaking off all old associations, and beginning, as it were, anew. Your case is not one of this kind. You have a little capital to begin with in some trade, or other occupation. Thank heaven that it is so, and settle down in content. There is no bag of gold at the end of the rainbow; there is a bag of gold under every industrious, sober, honest man's hearth. It is time that the fever of unrest, so distinguishing a trait in our national character, should begin to yield a little to the religion of contentment, and the wisdom of moderate desires. As the ancient oracle said, "You have a Sparta, improve it."

J. B. The suggestions of a subscriber of twenty-five years' standing, are always welcome. But you do not know that singular animal man—to say nothing of woman—as well as we do.—"Friendly criticism" is always rather a dangerous experiment. We know friends of ours, who, if we were to venture an occasional "friendly criticism" upon their doings, would be apt to give us a hint that we had better keep our advice until it was solicited—and we, in a similar case, should probably do the same thing. Everybody likes to criticise, and to give advice—nobody likes to be criticised, and to take advice. As to authors,—they bear a good deal of criticism and advice from us, simply because they cannot help themselves—but they would make mince-meat out of others who should take the same liberties. A Bengal tiger, an African lion, an American panther or grizzly bear, is nothing to an enraged author. We conceive it only acting the part of a merciful and Christian man, to protect J. B. and others from their fangs.

MALT.—It would be rather out of place for THE POST to discuss the Temperance question. So far as the strychnined whiskey and other *distilled* liquors of this country are concerned, the argument, moreover, would seem to have only one side. As to the fermented liquors, including the light, native wines made from the currant and the grape, there is more room for argument. The argument against their use you can have on every side, for the Total Abstinence Societies have not been lacking in industry in spreading their views broadcast, so that he that runs may read. Their argument, condensed, is, that no liquor which contains intoxicating properties should be used as a beverage, but only as a medicine, when used at all. That the only effectual barrier against drunkenness is to abstain entirely—and that even those who feel that they incur no danger in drinking, should abstain for the benefit of their weaker brethren, on the principle of St. Paul, who said that he would neither eat meat, nor do anything by which a brother might stumble or be made weak. As to the argument on the other side, the following by Dr. T. R. Russell, may be considered a pretty fair presentation of it. It will be noticed, however, that Dr. Russell considers the subject principally from the medical point of view, and not from the mere beverage stand-point. He says:—"We are now in a position to perceive how it is that the English and the Germans are a fat race, while the French and the Scotch are lean. The former drink beer, which contains about the same amount of alcohol as the light French wines, but in combination with a narcotic and nutritive extract to the extent of from four to eight per cent.; while in milk, the model food, the nutritive matter is about twelve per cent. So that a pint and a half of good beer is equal, in respect of nourishment alone, to a pint of milk. But it has this immense advantage over milk, that it soothes the over-active nervous system at the very instant that it presents to it its means of nourishment. It cherishes and nourishes at once. Shall we then, misled by the crude speculations of modern chemists, reject the evidence of all history in favor of the mighty boon conferred by Bacchus on our race? When we reflect that in the present age the work is done more with the brain and the nerves than with the muscles and the bones, and we have now bones of iron and muscles of steam, which relieve to a great extent those of the human frame, and that this substitution is daily progressing; while, on the other hand, the strain upon the mental and cerebral system is proportionally increased, for we cannot multiply brains by any process of machinery yet invented, and that this very liberation from the toil of the hands begets greater and greater competition in the race of mental achievement; when we reflect on all this, is there not something very presumptuous in venturing, against the most advanced investigations of physiology, to enforce more than monastic asceticism upon those who, instead of the dawdling life of the monastery, with the trifling expenditure of its hibernating existence, have daily to undergo a waste of cerebral and nervous matter in the furnace of a city to an amount hitherto unknown in the annals of our race? If we forbid alcohol in all its forms, is there not a danger of starving the brains and the nerves? May not a portion of the substance be absolutely necessary for those who, like pleaders, have to go through a work of intense cerebration, so to speak, for hours together? Certainly in my own practice I have met with many instances where the health was kept in a state of deterioration by abstaining from alcoholic drink, and where the addition of a glass of ale or a glass of wine permanently improved the health and comfort of the persons; and I believe, notwithstanding all the averments of the teetotallers, will contribute to the prolongation of a life it has already made happier. There is wisdom in the adage that wine is the old man's milk." We may say in conclusion, that it is not for us to decide on the wisdom or the folly of such arguments as the above. Our readers must judge for themselves—as conscientious, truth-seeking men.

D. D. There has not been a single communication received upon that subject besides your own. Therefore, we fear, it would be unwise to act upon your suggestion.

G. W. S. You can be taught the art of Daguerreotyping for less than twenty-five dollars, but years of practice alone can make you a proficient in a vocation so nice and difficult. A month's instruction enables hundreds of people to botch and bungle in it, but it takes both time and thought to make a good operator. The average wages of a good operator are about twenty dollars a week, though an extraordinary one can command more. It is generally considered by those engaged in it, that the business is overdone in this country,—so many people having made it their occupation. Still it is noteworthy that they all make a living, and the better sort find it profitable.

W. B. HALFMANN, who sends us as original the old and well known poem of "The Snow-Storm," is gently warned not to do so any more.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED. "God and His Goodness;" "To My Betrothed;" "To My Nurse;" "Companions of Our Way;" "The Battle of Waterloo;" "The Child and the Sea."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The reading public, whose mild and gratified eye consults this column, can rest assured that the most notable book of the week is the twenty-first volume of De Quincey's writings, entitled THE AVENGER, A NARRATIVE; AND OTHER PAPERS. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The public owe this twenty-first volume of De Quincey, and the twenty volumes preceding, entirely to the care of those Boston publishers. No English publisher ever seems to have been struck with the novel idea of collecting for the present and the future the scattered writings of one of the rarest and best cultured of the modern English minds. As for De Quincey himself, he frankly owns that to gather up and edit his own works would be a task beyond his powers. Boston, then,—"quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song"—has taken De Quincey's fame into keeping. In that curious and venerable publishing house at the junction of Washington and School streets, the magic word was spoken which De Quincey's vagrant scattered papers heard, and straightway scurrying across the wide and weltering Atlantic, like a flock of snow-white birds, they fluttered in at the window of the little Parnassus at the corner, falling upon the desk of the poet Fields, where arranging themselves in order, they underwent a change, and presently marched out in beauteous books, amidst the acclamations of the whole world, who saw the thing done! That is the true account of it. If anybody doubts, let him look into the twenty-first volume, where his doubts will soon be forgotten in the absorbing interest of the powerful tale of "The Avenger," with its mystery of the terrific series of unaccountable murders which so agitated a certain German town. Then there is a supplementary note to a former essay, in which the annalist Josephus receives a terrible scoring, and in which De Quincey strengthens and elucidates his original position, that the sect of the Essenes was a branch of the early Christians, deeply disguised. Among the other papers, the account of the "Traditions of the Rabbins" at least, shows all De Quincey's strange and splendid mastery of language. His description of the aerial march of the innumerable demons of Solomon, brings the weird spectacle, one might almost say, palpably before the eye. Surely, there is no prose more wonderful than De Quincey's. It touches all the stops—ranging up from the chattiest lightness of colloquialism to those loftiest organ-tones of language in which are fitly uttered the most ineffable spiritual dreams.

A beautiful little blue and gold edition of the POEMS OF WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is welcome as green grass to weak eyes. We are all pretty well acquainted, by this time, with the exquisite poems of Motherwell—so remote and antique in their beauty, alternately tender, mournful, devout, despairing, exultant—some of them ringing with the stormy music of the Berserker battle-chants, and some wailing with the aeolian melody of the midnight wind among the pines—most of them haunted with fine superstitions and instinct with passionate poetic feeling. A deeper pathos attaches to them, considered as the memoranda of an obstructed, half-taught and baffled life, as primarily they must be considered. Motherwell has a high place among the minor poets, but his spirit, was not of the morning sort, and was in love with night and decay and the rude past.

One of the interesting books of the day—very important to all interested in the study of Shakspeare and the problems his works force upon the mind—is Lord's Campbell's recent work—SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL ACQUIREMENTS CONSIDERED. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Lord Campbell is well-known in Great Britain as an eminent Lord Chief Justice. The question (propounded to him by Mr. Payne Collier, one of the most ardent and diligent of Shakspeare's scholars) being—was Shakspeare a clerk in an attorney's office at Stratford, before he joined the players at London?—the question being incidental to the general effort to add some facts to the poet's meagre biography—Lord Campbell undertakes to examine the poet's works with a view to the condition of the internal evidence. The result is that the author of the plays is proved conclusively to have had a very exact and intimate knowledge of the common law of England with all its complexities and technicalities, which of course he could only have gained by special study, and could not possibly have picked up casually. But this, of course, does not at all settle the question about Shakspeare's clerkship, which Lord Campbell warily refuses to decide. In fact all this kind of examination is wholly futile, considered in reference to such an end. It should be seen, once for all, that Shakspeare was not learned in any one direction, but in all directions. The student of his works must indeed be blind not to perceive that he had mastered every branch of the learning of his time—and if this fact does not always appear on the surface of his text, it always does appear in the intelligence and reach thereof. No amount of genius without learning, for instance, could crowd the single play of *Love's Labor Lost*, as it is crowded, with the subtlest criticism of the most abstruse scholasticism of the Elizabethan age. And in this play it is displayed on the surface, while in most of the others it is incorporated and concealed in the thought and structure. Some competent person, brushing aside all traditions of Shakspeare's illiteracy, ought to write a work establishing his universal learning, by a critical examination of his text; and so make an end of such fruitless straining of the few facts and traditions of his external life, as Mr. Payne Collier and other investigators practice.

Two nice little books, filled with choice reading, are THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, and THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT, both by Baron Macaulay. (Delisser & Procter, New York.) Macaulay is invariably brilliant reading. If you cannot always trust him for philosophic characterization, you can safely rely upon him for felicitous caricature, and if he does not always tell you the simple truth, he always amuses you with exquisite epigrams. Besides, he *does* furnish one with many important facts in connexion with the subject he happens to handle.

Professor Coppee's ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC, (E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.,) we have before commended as a valuable manual of rhetorical instruction. It is a text book, and will afford great assistance to all persons who wish to learn the art of construction.—The art of medicine, by the way, may be considered an art of construction, since it aims to construct sound bodies out of unsound ones, and though nobody can get much help in it from Professor Coppee's treatise, they certainly can from THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, (Lea & Blanchard, Phila.,) a quarterly edited by Dr. Hays, which, physicians have assured us, is a periodical of great value to all members of the profession.

> WHAT the leaves are to the forest,
> With light and air for food,
> Ere their sweet and tender juices
> Have been hardened into wood,
> That to the world are children;
> Through them it feels the glow
> Of a brighter and sunnier climate
> Than reaches the trunks below.
>
> —*Longfellow.*

☞ ROMANCE READING.—There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wrong. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind: I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them. —*Blackwood.*

☞ It is the prevailing opinion in the "American Athens," that the world was made merely to have a place to put Boston in, and that the chief business of the sun, moon, and stars, is to shine for its delectation.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

☞ It is the essential property of all love to idealize its object.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

One evening last month we attended a very interesting meeting—that of the Seventy-Seventh Anniversary of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons."

This is one of the most noble and beneficent of the benevolent associations of our city. Its object is to befriend the friendless, to help the helpless, to let down the sunlight of God's redemption into the deepest depths of despair and crime, to rob the grave-like prison of victory, and take the sting of revenge from punishment. It is to convince criminals and their keepers that sin and shame do not cut men off from their fellow-men—much less from God—that the great ties of human brotherhood are not severed by the verdict of a jury, or the sentence of a judge—that the most massive prison walls, that locks and bolts cannot shut out Christian love and pity, and ought not to shut out hope.

They have done much for the improvement of prison discipline, and for the comfort and reformation of prisoners; year after year, for almost a century, they have faithfully visited them and ministered to them—"remembering those in bonds as though bound with them." Yet much still remains to be done. The field widens before them almost infinitely. Their effort is now directed rather to the prevention of crime, in the young and unfortunate, than to the reformation of old criminals. On this evening, the establishment of a House of Refuge, for young offenders, was earnestly advocated—an institution which should be rather a school than a prison—a friendly asylum, where the weak and ignorant may gain moral strength and knowledge, with which to resist and overcome the fearful temptations of a great city.

By far the most effective speech of the evening was made by a young clergyman of our city—Mr. A. A. Willitts, who is very popular among us, not only for his earnest devotion to his calling, but for his eloquence as a public lecturer, and for what is rarer and better, a noble manliness of character. His speech of this evening was a simple, unstudied effort, if effort it could be called. But simple and direct as it was, in thought and expression, it had about it that subtle, electrical element, which ever belongs to genuine oratory. It came from the heart, and went to the heart, inevitably. It was a powerful, manly outburst of humanity—not romantic, not visionary, or sentimental—but courageous, hopeful, practical. It had more than the glow of a beautiful enthusiasm—it throbbed with the strong, healthy heart-beat of a resolute purpose.

Mr. Willitt's manner is admirably natural and forcible—he has great dramatic power, humor, wit, sarcasm, and very sensibly believes that he has a right to use all the weapons which God has placed in his intellectual armory.

He argued the possibility of reforming the worst sane criminal—declaring that he had most pleasure in grappling with the "hardest cases"—in redeeming the most sterile wastes, and tangled miasmatic swamps of ignorance and vice. Evidently he is no believer in that comfortable fallacy of total hopeless depravity which timid, or indolent Christians fall back upon, when they fail in their first efforts to reform a sinful brother, or lift up a fallen sister.

To the success of every reform, faith in humanity is quite as necessary as faith in God. We may labor on doggedly without it, from a stern sense of duty, but with all our efforts, we will never be able to reach the hearts of those we would benefit. We speak to them in an unknown tongue—we touch them with benumbing fingers—we bend toward them, over a gulf, which is after all, more of our self-righteousness than of their wickedness. To accomplish any real good, beyond the alleviation of mere physical miseries, we must begin, and keep on with the belief that the worst and lowest of the wretched inmates of our prisons and houses of shame have *hearts*—are not wholly dehumanized—have not become the mere hideous masks and mockeries of manhood and womanhood.

Though in many, these hearts which once swelled with the innocent griefs and joys, loves and hopes of childhood, have become fearfully diseased by evil courses, have been choked up by vices, or petrified by crime, the wise and patient spirit of Christian faith will find some small, untainted spot, and set about healing the rest—will tear away the poisonous weeds of vice, one by one—will cleave the hard stone with the power of God's redeeming love, and come upon some secret little spring of human feeling.

I am convinced that most prisoners meet the curious eyes of visitors to Penitentiaries, with assumed looks of stolid indifference, or hard defiance, which often as completely hide the true feelings, the real humanity of the man as the Iron Mask of the mysterious State prisoner of France hid his features from his attendants. Only those who visit them quietly, on errands of mercy, see them as they really are. For gentle-voiced, motherly-eyed women, they are most likely to throw off the disguises of pride or cunning, and reveal the sorrow, despair, or penitence of their secret hearts.

I remember on my visit to our Eastern Penitentiary, some years since, meeting in one of the long, lonely corridors, two of these comforting visitors—Sisters of Mercy, after the order of Elizabeth Fry—angels in Quaker caps, unconsciously hiding their wings under muslin kerchiefs and drab shawls. One of these has gone to her rest—but in many hearts, her sweet, tender, compassionate spirit still pleads for the prisoner, the poor, the sinful—for all the unfortunate.

Nil desperandum should be the motto of all societies for prison reforms. Those who enter upon that toilsome and melancholy missionary field should believe that all things are possible with *Faith*;—that the age of miracles has not passed—that the most fearful moral diseases may be healed—that the blind may be made to see, the deaf to hear, the crippled to walk—that even the dead may be raised.

It is difficult to believe that the old and hardened reprobate—the burned out remains of a

life of sin—the carcase, the unsightly skeleton of a once brave and powerful manhood, may still hold somewhat of worth, or goodness—a little hidden store of sweetness—a *love* for somebody, or something. Yet I doubt not this is so—though it be to many, to some a harder riddle than that of Samson. I doubt not the angels can see, shining through some crevice of the most ruined, darkened and deserted human life, a faint gleam, a friendly ray of inextinguishable soul-light, kindred to, though infinitely removed from that divine effulgence before which seraphs veil their faces.

Happily this faith in humanity is a contagious sentiment. Those who are believed in, and trusted, are very apt to believe in themselves, and for very shame, to strive to be worthy of the generous, unaccustomed trust. I lately heard an anecdote of a warden in one of the State prisons of New York, which impressed me powerfully. This warden, a humble and courageous man, succeeded one who had been exceedingly harsh and tyrannical, and who left the prison followed by execrations of helpless hate—fierce, hot curses which swept out after him, into the free, sunny air, like "blasts from hell!"

Among the most hardly used of the prisoners was a criminal of most desperate character—a barber who had sought to take the life of the tyrant, but being baffled in his murderous intent, had sworn a fearful oath that he would kill the next warden, whoever he might be, on the first opportunity. Soon after the new officer entered upon his duties, he was informed by a friendly convict, of this bloody oath, and warned that the man would without doubt undertake to carry out his insane purpose. But the warden was no half-way reformer, to be frightened, or horrified out of his system, or his faith;—he continued to treat his enemy with the same kindness and confidence he showed toward the other prisoners.

After some days, or perhaps weeks were passed, he went one morning, alone and unarmed, to the barber, and seated himself quietly, and requested the man to shave him. The poor fellow turned deathly pale, and trembled visibly, but said nothing. The warden comprehended well the wild storm of conflicting feelings in that wretched, misguided, resentful heart—but he believed that the evil intent was struggling with a better nature—wrestling with an angel, and he calmly awaited the result, trusting it with God. He kept his eyes fixed steadily, yet pleasantly, on that white, troubled face, while the preparations for shaving were made, and the perilous operation was gone through.

"Thank you!" he said, rising at last, with a secret feeling of intense relief.

"Stay, sir," exclaimed the convict, his lip quivering, and his voice broken with irrepressible emotion. "I *must* tell you something before you go. I had vowed, sir, to kill you, on the first opportunity—and though you have been a good warden and kind to us poor devils, when you came to me just now, I remembered my oath and meant to act on it—to speak plainly, meant to cut your throat,—but *you trusted me, and I could not do it.*"

I honor that warden for his courage, verging on temerity though it seems—but for his faith in humanity, I bless him from my soul.

The Anniversary Meeting which I have described did me a special service,—it laid a ghost that has been troubling me for a year past. One beautiful afternoon, last Spring, as I was returning home from a shopping expedition—idly sauntering along, in dreamy enjoyment of the soft, balmy air, and the rich sunset effects that were filling the West, a black prison-van drove swiftly up the street. Just as it passed me, three fingers were hurriedly thrust out of one of the gratings that ranged along, immediately under the roof of the vehicle. I looked quickly up at the windows of a neat little dwelling, to which the signal seemed directed, but too late to see more than a movement of the white curtains—just enough to indicate that the sign had been watched for, and noticed. In another moment, the van was out of sight,—the glory of the day came back, though somewhat overshadowed, and I pursued my walk.

This may seem to you, my dear G———, a very trivial incident; but my dreamy mood, the swift, black flash of this horrible vehicle, which I never see even when empty and unhorsed, without shuddering, and the mysterious vagueness of that signal, all conspired to give it a peculiar and most tenacious hold on my imagination—exciting one speculation after another, each more tragic than the preceding one. What despairing creature was crouched within that hideous van, returning like some huge black monster, gorged, to its lair? Who was thrusting this dumb, piteous token through the grated window? Was it some strong man, whom the uncharitableness of the world had broken and its temptations conquered? Was it some weak woman, in whom womanhood was but a bitter memory? Was it a young girl with the sweet rose of her life cankered in its bud? Or was it—and this has been my most frequent fancy—some tender, prayerful mother's boy, who had come forth wearing his youth like the glory it ever is, to conquer the world, but who had been early disarmed by its wiles, and caught in its snares? If so—alas, for thee, then poor, bereft, heart-broken mother, beholding that gloomy hearse of inexorable Law, bearing thy boy away from the life of honor and happiness! A sadder lot is thine, than hers, of whom the poet sings:—

"Oh, mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

And what was the meaning of that signal? Was it the term of the sentence? Did it mean three long years of sorrowful expiation—of bitter regret for the past, and more bitter despair of the future? Or, alas, more likely, three long years of reflection, and sullen brooding—to be followed by a life of reckless retaliation upon society—a sudden, dreadful, ghastly death, and—the good God knows what hereafter!

For a year, those three fingers have been haunting me—often rising before me in the still watches of sleepless nights, beckoning my thoughts away into fearful speculations, and seeming like the three witches in Macbeth, shadowy portents of some dread, mysterious fate, with which I, or some one dearer, was to be associated.

But here, in this Society, I have found a beneficent spirit, that has "laid" my ghost.—Poor erring humanity may not rust its God-likeness away under what we have been pleased to call "*corrective* discipline," while such an influence is at work in our prisons. These poor fallen souls may not lose the memory and the hope of God's mercy, or of man's, while such a mission is upheld.

Is it not terrible to think how our humanity is crusted over with selfish indifference—how the awfullest tragedies of life brush, as it were, our unconscious elbows in the street—how hearts break, and souls famish, under our unheeding, dreamy eyes? Ah, if we would only let our souls enter every mourning coach that follows next the coffin—enter every prison-van, and sit down for a while beside the sorrowful and the sinful, it would be better for us, and happier in the end, I doubt not.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WHAT BHANG IS—A BRILLIANT SEASON—AN INFANT CORPORAL—APPROACHING EXHIBITIONS—AN ORIGINAL PROPOSITION—A PLEASANT CUSTOM—MOVES IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION—RESULTS OF WAR—A MOVING APPEAL—AN IMPERIAL DISAPPEARANCE.

Paris, March 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your number of March 12, has just reached me, and I beg to say, for the enlightenment of those who may care to know what "*Bhang*" really is, that this substance, so popular among the natives of India, is not "a drink," but a mixture of bruised hemp-seed and the powder of the areeka (or betel) nut, which is rolled up, with a minute quantity of lime, in a leaf, and is almost universally "chewed" by the people. This mixture, done up into round balls, about as large as an ordinary quid of tobacco, turns the lips and gums of a deep blood-red, giving a peculiar and very ugly look to the mouths of those who use it. It is excessively pungent, and very disagreeable in taste to beginners; and if indulged in largely, produces emaciating expectoration, and violent intoxication. The areeka-nut is sometimes chewed alone, and then dyes the mouth of an intense velvety black.

So much for an article of consumption almost more disgusting and mischievous than tobacco and opium; one of the principal scourges of India.

To resume my sketches of matters and things in this excitable centre of the European existence, I have to report that the evil of suspense has not quite vanished from what the French summarily style "la situation;" but the danger of any immediate rupture of that state of latent hostility, politely designated as "the peace of Europe," seems less imminent than it did a week ago. Lord Cowley has returned—and though we do not exactly know what has been the result of his mission to the Court of the young Emperor of Austria, the general impression is, that he has at least paved the way to a grand attempt to regulate pending troublesome questions by the quill of diplomacy. But it will need something much more substantial than the present vague hope of an arrangement, to re-assure the anxious minds of capitalists and manufacturers. An immense number of failures have already taken place; and as business of every kind is reduced to almost utter stagnation, it is probable that many others will follow, despite the partial clearing of the political horizon. Meantime, it is noticed that masked balls and the brilliant entertainments for which Paris is so widely renowned, were never so numerous as they have been during this just-ended Carnival. At present we are, of course, doing the penitential, in the traditional sackcloth and ashes of the largest fast of the ecclesiastical year.

We have just had a magnificent review by the Emperor, of the entire Imperial Guards, in the Champ de Mars. The Empress, and the little Prince, and all the Imperial family, were present; to say nothing of an enormous crowd of grandees and lesser mortals, who filled every standing-place in the neighborhood of the show-off, and even the high ground on the opposite side of the river. The day was superb; the numerous rows of trees that border three sides of this enormous sandy plain (whose fourth side is occupied by the fine buildings of the Military School, the noble dome of the Invalides towering in the background,) are just bursting into leaf; and in the neighboring gardens, lilacs and laburnums are already in flower. An army of petty vendors of cakes, lemonade, "coco," macaroons, and bad "beer," were of course on the ground at an early hour; and numberless little booths for pistol-firing and other lotteries, had been hastily knocked up along the beautiful alleys of the adjoining quay, with its groves of trees, and its long lines of telegraph-wires running along the tops of lofty wooden mast-like pillars, overlooked by the still loftier buildings of the Government Tobacco-Manufactory. The city resounded all the morning with the tramp of men and horses marching to the parade-ground, and the exquisite music of the military bands, unrivalled in Europe. When all the masses of troops were duly drawn up, the infantry facing one way, the cavalry another, the Emperor rode into the field, wearing a Lieutenant General's uniform, mounted on a superb bay charger, and followed by a brilliant staff. The Empress came next, in an open carriage, and with the "Hope of France" beside her, dressed, to the delight of his brethren in arms, and the extreme amusement of the non-military public, in a miniature suit of the exact material and fashion of the uniform of a corporal of the 1st Regiment of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, on whose lists he is enrolled. His bearskin cap and epaulettes, his little trowsers with their broad, red stripe, and minute top-boots, were excessively funny, and made him look like a grave-faced doll; a doll, however, that already returns the acclamations of the crowds about him, and carries his little hand to his head in giving the military salute, with a mixture of infantine grace and precious dignity very curious to behold. His Imperial mamma seems exceedingly proud of him; and no doubt indulges in visions of his future greatness that may, or may not, be realised! The police were, as usual, very stringent in their requisition to the crowds to "keep back" from the Emperor; but His Majesty, at the end of the review, when riding off the ground, halted at the entrance of the bridge opposite, and desired the police to allow the people to approach him. The rush was instantaneous; the crowd threw themselves almost under his horse's feet, in their efforts to get close to him, and shouted *vive l'Empereur!* with an enthusiasm that must have shown him how welcome to the general feeling is the relief occasioned by the presumed withdrawal of the warlike projects with which he has been too long tormenting the world. On his way back to the Tuileries, the Emperor with the Empress and his suite, went to the Palace of Industry, to be present at a grand meeting of the members of all the various Orpheonist-Societies of France, numbering many thousands, who sang their magnificent chornsses with excellent effect, and were complimented thereon by the Majesties.

The Quinquennial Exhibition of Fine Arts, (which was delayed a year last time, to the great disappointment of the artists, in order to coincide with the Industrial Exhibition of 1855,) will take place, next month, in that building. The galleries are already being arranged, and the pictures hung. Over 6,000 have been admitted; a still larger number having been refused. The authors of the rejected compositions are furious, of course; and have some idea of opening a rival exhibition on their own account. But everything being done by Government, and at the public cost, these gentlemen will hardly screw up their financial pitch to such an undertaking.

Exhibitions are decidedly "the order of the day." The watchmakers of Besancon, the head-quarters of watchmaking in France, are getting up a "Universal Watch and Chronometer Exhibition" in their ancient and picturesque town. Geneva, with its miracles of watches in pencil-tops, brooches, purse-clasps, and finger-rings; Paris, with its marine chronometers and unrivalled mantel-clocks, in bronze and marble ornaments; and the Black Forest, with its innumerable cuckoo-clocks and wooden time-pieces, for hanging on a nail from humble walls, will no doubt be very fully represented. One or two of the great English houses will no doubt send samples of their admirable work, unsurpassed in excellence and precision by the Continental houses, but too costly to compete, in the general market, with the lower-priced clocks of the Continent, mostly executed by female labor.

The mention just made of "rejected compositions," reminds me that Miss Isa Craig, the excellent young Scotchwoman who recently carried off the prize at the Burns Celebration in London, awaking next morning to find herself famous, has just received an offer of marriage from some individual of the other sex, an utter stranger to her, who informs her that he believes they were made for each other, and proposes that they should correspond together by letter during the space of one year, marry, publish the correspondence, and live thenceforward on the profits of the publication!! But to return from this digression.

A pleasant custom obtains here among the pupils of many of the great public schools, who meet once a year at a dinner, at which only the former pupils of each institution are admitted. Others of these schools have now been organizing, for the first time, this fraternal banquet, which will henceforth take place yearly. Among these, are the old pupils of the Bonaparte Lyceum, which has turned out a very fair proportion of distinguished men now occupying eminent posts in literature, the law, medicine, and other honorable walks of life. The amiable and accomplished writer, M. Ernest Legouvé, whose contributions to French literature are among the purest and most agreeable of his day, presided at this banquet, and made an eloquent speech, in which he set forth the various uses which might grow out of such a gathering, and the offices of kindness, counsel and assistance that should be mutually rendered, in after life, by the various members of the numerous bands of students turned out, year by year, by their common *Alma Mater*.—Such kindly links may certainly be made the means of much usefulness, and the institution of the annual banquet, for such a purpose, is a sign of the times not unworthy of notice. The efforts now being made to assist the less fortunate by the erection of houses which become the property of the tenant through a series of annual payments, not necessarily more heavy than such tenant would usually pay in the form of rent, and also to establish the excellent schools devised by Froebel for the delight and improvement of young children, also demand remark. In former letters of the present series I brought before the readers of THE POST the main features of a system of training which the Rev. H. Mitchell, Superintendent of the Government Schools in England, has declared "will constitute a new era in infant life," and which has received equally weighty approbation throughout Germany. The Baroness Marenholz, a German lady of fortune and talent, who has devoted herself to the task of propagating Froebel's views on Education, came here a few years ago, and did her best to interest the school authorities in the subject. She gave lessons before the lady visitors, the Inspectors, &c., of Infant Schools, and also had some interviews with the Empress, who took great interest in the affair; but as everything in France must originate with the Government, and Boards and Academies are slow to adopt "new-fangled" methods, nothing has yet been done towards an adoption of Froebel's system. Madame de Marenholz is here again, endeavoring to get the system she advocates adopted by the Government, or by individuals, if the Government will not take it up. Should her generous efforts be successful, I shall not fail to report to your readers so agreeable a result.

Since I commenced writing the present letter, the welcome news of the consent of Austria to submit the present political difficulties to the arbitration of a Congress, has reached this city. Aix-la-Chapelle will probably be selected as the place of meeting. If Europe escape the horrors of the conflict that appeared inevitable so short a time ago, it will undoubtedly be owing to the strenuous exertions of England, well-backed, however, by the good offices of Prussia and of Russia. This latter country seems to be progressing in the ways of civilization, as testified by the endeavors being made to propagate a love of reading among the lower orders. Public libraries are beginning to spring up in towns where nothing of the kind has hitherto existed. A small town called Perm is spoken of in this connexion, where a book-binder (the only one in the place) was in the habit of hiring out the books sent to him for binding. The growing demand which followed this rather unwarrantable proceeding, added to the indignant remonstrances of the owners of the works so unceremoniously treated, has induced the ingenious book-binder to open a library and reading-room, and so great has been the success of this experiment, that two or three others are about to be opened in various parts of the town. The use and manufacture of beet-sugar are also largely on the increase. The first Sugar Refining establishment in the Government of Kiew, in 1834, was unfortunate, and ruined the owners. It was supposed that this manufacture could not be carried on in Russia. But Count Bobrinski set his heart on developing the domestic sugar trade of his region, and has fully succeeded. At the present day the Government of Kiew produces nearly one-half of all the sugar consumed in Russia and Poland. The most considerable sugar-refinery is that of Messrs. Jachus and Simeronko, at Gorodistche. It produces annually more than 350,000 *pouds* of sugar, and employs over 5,000 workmen. That of Smalo employs, in raising beets and preparing the sugar, more than 10,000 workmen; but it furnishes 50,000 *pouds* more of sugar than that of Gorodistche. Russia, no doubt, is beginning to feel that the avocations of Peace are more profitable than those of War. Some idea may be formed of the enormous character of the late struggle in the Crimea, and the extent of loss and waste occasioned thereby (to say nothing of the hideous amount of deaths and wounds!), from the fact that one single house having branches in Odessa, Nicolaieff and Sebastopol, now offers for sale 16,000,000 pounds of iron, being projectiles gathered in various parts of the Crimea.—What must have been the total value of the materials employed in the projectiles brought into play at Sebastopol, *besides* that of the far more valuable property of all kinds these projectiles were employed to destroy!

The pursuit of knowledge and the avocations that are tending to make war unpopular in the world, are not, however, without annoyances which, though certainly not of so fatal a character as bombs and bullets, are still sufficiently serious. Witness the troubles of the aged and illustrious savant, Baron Humboldt, whose grief at the recent loss of his pet parrot, was duly chronicled in these letters, and who is so pestered by thoughtless people in every part of the world, that he has been compelled to put forth the following appeal in the German newspapers:—

"Overwhelmed by a correspondence which increases daily, (and which brings to me every year some thousands of letters and pamphlets on subjects in which I take no sort of interest, manuscripts on emigration and colonization on which the authors request my opinion, models of machinery, objects of natural history, questions regarding balloons, requests for my autograph, offers of medical treatment, and of amusement, &c., &c.,) I hereby make one more effort publicly to invite those who wish me well to endeavor to induce people in both continents to busy themselves less about me, and not to make use of my house as an address-office, in order that, in the decline of my physical and intellectual powers, I may be able to have a little leisure and repose for my own work.

"I trust that this appeal, which I make with great reluctance, may not be unkindly misinterpreted. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

"*Berlin, March* 15, 1859."

A rumor has just reached Paris of the death of the Ex-Emperor Soulouque, who is said to have departed this life, after a short illness, in Jamaica. Should this rumor be true, the Parisians will have lost the amusement of an anticipated spectacle, and the downfallen negro-potentate will have missed what is here called a "*succès de curiosité*." QUANTUM.

ENGLISH ART AND ENGLISH LIFE.—M. Sylvestre, who was appointed by the French Ministry of State and of the Emperor's household to inspect the fine arts in Europe, thus speaks of English artists:—

"Like the generous wines which ripen under the sun of France, English art, excited by the gentle yet powerful glow of the family hearth, has the smack of the soil, is racy of the land that breeds it. It is English, and not an insipid imitation of other nations; it is right English—another word for free; English in all the fibres of its heart, in all the movements of its intelligence. All Europe admires the living individuality, the sturdy independence of your painters. They have vigorous sentiment which gives life, movement and expression to the humblest as to the loftiest subjects. Their pictures are the living mirrors of your national character, your manners and your civilization. These old men, calm and stern, who, with folded arms, untroubled brow, and piercing eye, seem on these canvases to pass in review the long years of a well-spent and toilsome life, are your venerable fathers; these women, strong, still, and calm, so attached to the cares of home, so careless of the enfeebling frivolities of the world, are your faithful wives; these children, lusty, light-hearted, and docile—home-angels—playing with their household pets, and in all the noisy romp of Christmas fun and feasting, are your beautiful children; and these men of riper manhood, who preside over the picture, like patriarchs, loved and willingly obeyed, are yourselves. Such, gentlemen, are the favorite subjects of English painters—true poems, at once familiar and affecting, inspired by love of the most holy of institutions—that of home."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 86, and children 106.

THE CONJURER TORRINI
BEFORE THE POPE.

Being summoned to exhibit before Pope Pius the Seventh, the conjurer cudgelled his brains to provide some astounding and courtly new trick for that express performance. And it is merely by this incessant watchfulness of contrivance that these wearers of pinchbeck crowns keep on their thrones. But a true artist will always be equal to the occasion, and willing to sacrifice money in self-assertion.

This Torrini, then, was to show off before the Pope and conclave.

After having selected [said he] from my repertory the best of my tricks, I put my brains on the rack to imagine a something, which, belonging to the moment, should present an interest worthy of so illustrious an audience. But I had no need of searching for any length of time; chance, that inventor of all inventors the most ingenious, came to my aid. The very evening before that on which my show was to take place, I happened to be in the shop of one of the first watchmakers of the city, when a servant came in to inquire whether the watch of His Excellency the Cardinal ———, was mended. "It will not be done before evening," said the watchmaker; "and I shall have the honor of bringing it to your master myself." * * * "'Tis a handsome and excellent watch," said the tradesman to me; "the Cardinal values it at more than ten thousand francs, because, having ordered it himself from the illustrious Brégnet, he fancies it unique of it kind. Yet, what an odd thing! two days ago a mad young fellow of this town of ours came to offer me, for a thousand francs, a watch by the same maker, exactly like the Cardinal's." * * * "Do you think," said I, "that this person has really any intention of parting with his watch?" "Sure," was the answer. "This young spendthrift, who has already made away with his patrimony, has now come down to selling his family trinkets. He would be very glad of the thousand francs." "Where is he to be found?" "Nothing easier; he never leaves the gaming-house." "Well, sir, I wish to make his watch mine; but I must have it at once. Buy it for me; then engrave the Cardinal's arms on mine, so that the two may not be distinguished one from the other. On your loyalty depends the benefit you will draw from this transaction."

The watch was bought by the watchmaker, who knew his customer, and on comparison bore out the description,—was duly engraved by the confederate,—duly sent home,—and duly in the so-called Torrini's pocket, ready for the trick of tricks which was to close the evening. The Pope, we should say, being an enlightened man, neither believe in, nor had been dissuaded by any tales of sorcery from countenancing the entertainment,—merely feeling that so far as sleight-of-hand went he was a wondering layman, and the clever fellow brought in to amuse him, the priest of many mysteries. The exhibition, accordingly, went off espitally. "To end it," said Torrini (according to the book)—"and by way of *bouquet*, I went on to the famous trick which I had contrived for the occasion. Here, however, I had to encounter many difficulties. The greatest of these, without question, was to lure Cardinal ——— to give me his watch, and that without directly asking for it. To gain my point, I had recourse to stratagem. On my asking for a watch, many had been handed to me,—but I had given them back, on the pretext, more or less true, that, offering as they did no peculiarity in shape, it would be difficult afterwards to identify the one chosen by me. "*If Messieurs*, any one among you," said I, "has a rather large watch (the Cardinal's had precisely this peculiarity,) and would entrust it to me, I should accept it willingly as the one fittest for our experiment."

The Cardinal fell into the snare, and the conjurer examined, and admired, and asked questions about the Cardinal's handsome watch by way of "*boniment*"—the word in the French conjurer's dictionary for the preliminary talk which is to beguile time, and put an audience off its guard. (On skill in this department of his art, M. Robert Houdin assures us, depends many of the spells of White Magic.) But, to return to the Cardinal's watch. After praising its capital qualities up to the skies.

"'See [said Torrini] a first proof of them.'" And with this I lifted up the watch as high as my face, and let it fall on the *parquet*. There was a cry of fright on every side. The Cardinal, pale and trembling, got up. "Sir!" said he, with ill-restrained anger, "what you have done is an extremely bad joke!"

But worse was to come for the poor Cardinal who set such store on his Brégnet. Torrini stamped on the case, crushed it in pieces, and took up only a shapeless mass. The Cardinal was in a rage; his watch (a chronometer, too!) was the only watch of the sort ever made; and Torrini handed about the heap of broken metal that all might be sure that the broken heap *was* the Cardinal's watch of watches.

The identity of the Cardinal's watch proved, the next feat was to get the real one into the Pope's pocket. But there was no thinking of such a thing so long as His Holiness remained seated. Some expedient for getting him out of his chair must needs be found. I had the good luck to find one. They brought me in a huge mortar and pestle, put it on the table, into which I flung the wrecks of the chronometer, and began to pound them with all possible fury. Suddenly, a slight explosion was heard, and from the bottom of the vessel came up a reddish flame, which gave the scene an appearance of real magic. All this time, leaning over the mortar, I pretended to look in, and exclaimed to myself at the wonderful things I saw there. Out of respect to the Pope no one rose; but the Pontiff, giving way to curiosity, at last approached the table, followed by some of the audience. * * * "I do not know to what I am to attribute the bewilderment I feel," said His Holiness, "but I can see nothing." It was the same with myself, but so far from owning it, I beg the Pope to come round the table, to the side the most favorable for seeing that which I announce. During this evolution I slip into the pocket of the Holy Father, the Cardinal's watch. The experiment went on, the watch in the mortar was broken, melted, and reduced to the form of a little ingot, which I handed round to the company. "Now," said I, secure of the result I was about to obtain, "I am going to restore this ingot to its primitive form, and this transformation shall take place during the passage it is about to make hence to the pocket of the person in this company the least to be suspected of confederacy." "Ah! ah!" cried the Pope, in a jovial humor, "this gets stronger and stronger. But what *would* you do, Mr. Sorcerer, if I were to demand that it should be in *my* pocket?" "His Holiness has only to order to have his wish obeyed."

The ingot was again displayed—and, of course, instantaneously hidden (as conjurers can hide any small matter). Torrini cried "*Pass!*" and, lo! the Cardinal's chronometer was in the Pope's pocket—safe and sound. The next day the sorcerer received a diamond snuff-box.

ROBBERS AT LIMA.—An old gentleman, a Mr. Pheifer, one of the oldest foreign residents in Lima, used to tell the following story:—He was riding along the road one night, and suddenly, when least expecting it, he was attacked by half-a-dozen robbers, some of whom, seizing his horse by the head, forced him to dismount, and, finding he had no money on his person, were about proceeding to extremities, when he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am Don Frederico Phiefer; you doubtless all know me. Now, I promise, if you will unhand me, and set me on my horse, I will lead you to my house, where, after giving you a good supper, I will dismiss you with a golden ounce apiece, and say nothing of the affair." The robbers knew their man, and, setting him on his horse, accompanied him home. Arriving at his house, he invited the gentlemen to dismount, and entering the house, begged them to be seated, telling his wife to order supper immediately. Without at all understanding what he meant, madam presided with good grace, and this repast being concluded, each guest, receiving his ounce, took his departure. Of course, Don Frederico never divulged the names of these scamps, otherwise his life would have paid the forfeit.—*Adventures in the Pacific.*

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.—In most animals with a soft fur sparks may be produced by rubbing it, especially in dry weather; this is familiar to most persons in the case of the domestic cat. But the electricity thus produced seems occasionally to accumulate in the animal, as in the Leyden jar, so as to produce a shock. If a cat be taken into the lap, in dry weather, and the left hand be applied to the breast, while with the right the back is stroked, at first only a few sparks are obtained from the hair; but after continuing to stroke for some time a sharp shock is received, which is often felt above the wrists of both the arms. The animal itself evidently experiences the shock, for it runs off with terror, and will seldom submit itself to a second experiment.—*Carpenter's Animal Physiology.*

HAPPY he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.
—*Longfellow.*

☞ Strange that Destiny should often come creeping like a child to our very doors; we hardly notice it, or send it away with a laugh; it comes so naturally, so simply, so accidentally as it were, that we recognize it not. We cannot believe that the baby intruder is in reality the king of our fortunes, the ruler of our lives. But so it is continually.—*John Halifax.*

☞ Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, and she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in its labor of love all the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty but more of safety, than the single life; it has more ease but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.—*Jeremy Taylor: Service on the Marriage Ring.*

☞ Heroic toil, and silence, and endurance, lead to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn.—*Carlyle.*

WHAT a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
The violet bed's not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,
On which the spring flowers take delight,
To cast their modest odors. —*J. Middleton.*

☞ THE ADVANTAGE OF GOOD BREEDING.—Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.—*Locke.*

☞ How entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognized or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management and sophistry, to save any mortal who does not stand on the truth of things, from sinking in the long run.—*Carlyle.*

☞ *First Actor (firing a pistol).*—"Unnatural son, die by my hand!" (The pistol misses.)

Second Actor (falling on the stage).—"It is true the pistol missed fire, oh, my father, but I die, in obedience to your paternal wish."

☞ If you will have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's Law, otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.—*Carlyle.*

☞ A noble love calls forth man's highest powers, and he knows himself the nearer and dearer to her whom he loves, the more worthy he is.

☞ The man who would shine in conversation, must possess original ideas and strong sympathies—be able both to communicate and to listen.

CRAIG LUCE CASTLE.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART I.

On the dreary coast of Wigtonshire, in Scotland, just above the almost perpendicular and frightfully rugged rocks that form the inhospitable-looking Mull of Galloway, stands an old castle, partially in ruins, with its naked gray walls unsheltered by hill or wood, and exposed to all the blasts that sweep over that gloomy shore. There is nothing about it of picturesque beauty; remarkable only for the cheerlessness and loneliness of its situation, it conveys to the beholder no idea but that of complete desolation—of a "parched place in the wilderness," to borrow the expressive language of Scripture. It is seldom that the modern tourist is tempted to explore the uninteresting neighborhood of this forbidding-looking structure, yet if its old walls could speak they might disclose scenes of passion, of grief, and of guilt as stirring as any of the romantic legends of the castellated Rhine, and at the same time more recent in their occurrence.

The dismal-looking edifice to which we refer was the ancestral abode of a proud and ancient family, the Lockharts of Craig Luce. It had descended, in a long unbroken line, from father to son, and its possessors had borne their part in the various civil and other wars which form so prominent a feature in the annals of Scotland. Like the Highland lairds, they had never been wealthy, according to the English acceptation of that term, and as they had never added to their patrimony by marrying rich "up-starts," as they called them; and as the haughty younger sons had never condescended to enter into any lucrative professions, the family rent-roll had gradually diminished, until at length the strictest economy became necessary to enable them to maintain their position among the hereditary landholders of their country.

The occupiers of Craig Luce Castle at the time our story commences, were Lady Lilias Lockhart, a widow lady, her son Archibald, and his young wife, who was a cousin of his own. The mother of Lady Lilias had been a Lockhart of Craig Luce; she became the wife of a Scotch earl, and their beautiful daughter, Lilias, was engaged at an early age to her younger cousin, Hector Lockhart, a fine, spirited young man, who was determined not to remain a burden on his father and a drone at home.

But, shortly before the period fixed for the marriage to take place, Malcolm Lockhart—the elder brother, who had been making what was then called "the grand tour," without accomplishing which no young gentleman of standing in society, in these former days, was supposed to have satisfactorily completed his education—returned home. He was introduced at Edinburgh to the Lady Lilias, whom he had not seen since she was a child, and he fell violently in love with her. The rather sudden death of old Mr. Lockhart of Craig Luce caused the intended marriage of his niece and his younger son to be put off, and, much to the distress of Hector, when the period of mourning had expired, Lady Lilias announced her intention of bestowing her fair hand upon his elder brother.

Expostulations and entreaties were alike in vain; the beautiful but calculating and cold-hearted Lilias preferred to be the lady of Craig Luce Castle to sharing a bungalow in the East Indies with her first love, and Hector Lockhart had to depart alone to win honors and rupees in a land where, at that time, fortunes were so easily made. Hector Lockhart rose rapidly in the army—he held situations of trust and emolument, he distinguished himself on several occasions, and Lady Lilias sometimes regretted in her secret soul that she had discarded him for his indolent, common-place elder brother, and condemned herself to the monotonous solitude of Craig Luce Castle, instead of reigning as a belle and a beauty in the highest circle of India, where ladies, at that period, were the objects of the utmost attention and adulation. When, in the course of some years, Major Lockhart married abroad, the jealousy and anger of Lady Lilias knew no bounds. How dared the man who had once been *her* lover forget her for another?

Meanwhile, the brother for whom she had jilted him was far from happy in his union with her. He was fond of society, but the state of their finances prevented them from receiving many guests, Lady Lilias's haughty manners displeased the few families in the neighborhood with whom they might have been on sociable terms, and her imperious temper made his home miserable. They had two sons—the elder, a handsome, high-spirited, clever boy, the pride and darling of both father and mother; the younger, an ugly, stupid, heavy child, whom his mother declared to be "a born fool." The latter, Archibald, was neglected in every way, left to the companionship of the servants and the cotters' children, and scarcely taught the most common rudiments of education; while the former, Hector, was carefully brought up, and received every advantage that could be obtained for him.

Lady Lilias was wrapt up in this son; he was the only being in the world for whom she felt any real affection, for she was utterly indifferent to her husband, and entertained no sentiment but disgust towards her half-idiotic younger child. It was a dreadful blow to her, therefore, when at the age of sixteen, and full of talent and promise, her favorite Hector was suddenly snatched from her. Being a bold, self-willed boy, he had persisted, in spite of his father's remonstrances, in riding an extremely vicious horse, and one day, when not on his guard, he was thrown, dashed off among a heap of sharp stones, and killed upon the spot. This calamity rendered Lady Lilias more morose than ever, and, united to the gloomy tenor of his existence, drove the bereaved father into habits of intemperance, which ultimately carried him to his grave.

Archibald was about two years younger than his brother, consequently about fourteen at the time of his death. An awkward, lubberly-looking boy he was, who spent most of his time in wading, without shoes or stockings, in the sea, at the foot of the massive walls of rocks, picking up shell-fish and seaweed, or, stretched on the stunted grass on the low hills above, watching the sheep in company with the shepherd lads. Hector's demise had suddenly raised him into importance; he was now the heir, the only representative, in a direct line, of the proud Lockharts of Craig Luce, and if he died childless, the property would pass away to some distant connexions, who were abhorred by Lady Lilias. She therefore directed all the energies of her powerful mind to "make something of him." He was furnished with good clothes; a tutor was engaged for him; rewards and punishments were bestowed with a liberal hand; but "book learning," as he called it, was hateful to him, and he preferred playing "chucky stanes" with the lowest churl on the estate to any more refined amusement that could be devised for him.

"What lady on earth will ever marry that fool?" was Lady Lilias's frequent despairing question to herself, as she looked with dismay on his great, unmeaning eyes, which resembled green gooseberries, his carroty locks, his freckled skin, and his capacious mouth, always as wide open as if a doctor were about to examine his throat in a case of inflammation.

But, as years wore on, the stern Lady Lilias contrived to mould her surviving son somewhat to her will; he was dreadfully afraid of her, and, to borrow his own phraseology, was "obliged to mind his *p*'s and *q*'s" in her presence. Fate also favored her more than she could possibly have anticipated. When Archy, as he was generally called, was about twenty-three—but still under the surveillance of a tutor—a young lady came to reside at the castle. She was the only child of Colonel Lockhart, who had bequeathed a large fortune to her, and left her to the care of her aunt, Lady Lilias, the idol of his youthful days. Time had softened his displeasure at her treachery to himself; he only remembered the graceful, beautiful girl, who had once seemed so much attached to him, and he flattered himself that she would transfer to his orphan daughter the regard he fancied she had in former days bestowed upon himself.

Jessy Lockhart's mother had died when she was a child; and when her father could bring himself to part with her, she was sent to England, under the care of some acquaintances, who thought they had done their duty when they placed her at a fashionable school in London. The so-called accomplishments were diligently taught at that establishment, but moral and religious instruction was but little attended to. The forms of religion were not indeed neglected; prayers were said morning and evening, the young ladies went regularly to church, and there was a Bible and catechism class for the younger ones on Sunday. Everything was conducted in the most decorous way; but whether the girls grew up heathens or Christians, strict or lax in principles, with high moral sentiments or prepared to be giddy and imprudent, did not seem to be any concern of the faultlessly elegant lady who, with her staff of good musicians, good linguists, &c., presided over the young spirits that were training for this world and for eternity.

Jessy had attained her seventeenth year, and was expecting her father home, when he had promised to take her from school and introduce her into society. Balls, operas, beaux, floated in dim yet delightful confusion before the young girl's eyes, when—sad tidings—the ship that was to have brought her father to England, conveyed only the intelligence of his death in India, and the consequent destruction of all her bright prospects. Was she, then, to remain at school? No; *that* evil at least was spared her. She was to go to Scotland, the land of romance, and to reside in a fine old castle, and, of course, have Highland chieftains by the dozen at her feet. Her companions envied her; and, busy building castles in the air, she accompanied an old Scotch countess, one of the few friends Lady Lilias had retained, from London to Edinburgh, and thence to her future abode. Poor Jessy's heart sank as she entered its gloomy walls; the grim old portraits frightened her, the roaring of the sea and the whistling of the wind saddened her, and the haughty, cold manners of her aunt seemed to freeze her life's blood. She was horrified at the strict seclusion in which the family at the castle lived. On her arrival, the very tutor had been dismissed, for Lady Lilias did not choose that the contrast between her half-witted son and a young man who was at least a rational being, should be presented to her niece. No one ever visited at the castle except the Presbyterian clergyman of the neighborhood—a grave, solemn person, who looked like a resuscitated mummy, and the gray-headed old doctor, who resided in an adjacent village. Still Jessy had hoped that when the mourning for her father was laid aside, Lady Lilias would open her doors to the beau monde, and the old castle be filled with guests.

But when the dreary winter had at length passed away—when spring, with its bright sunshine and opening buds, awoke the scarcely dormant longing for life's gayer scenes—poor Jessy found how delusive had been her hopes, how gloomy were her prospects for the future. She had no sympathy, no companionship; and in the presence of Lady Lilias she always felt under the greatest constraint, and her very waiting-maid seemed to be a dragon set to be a spy upon her, for she was a stiff, cross-looking, elderly woman, who never spoke but in monosyllables, or in the shortest sentences. It was dreadful! and poor Jessy was glad of the slight variation in her wearisome life which was afforded her by taking an occasional long ramble on foot with her stupid cousin Archy, or a ride on horseback with him along the lonely roads. Unaccompanied by him, Lady Lilias had forbidden her ever to venture beyond the precincts of the castle domains. The wily Lady Lilias had thus gained one point—her victim owed to Archy her almost only recreation. *Almost*, for it was not *quite* her only one. For want of other amusements she had taken to gardening, and here again Archy's influence had obtained for her a small plot of ground, which she was permitted to call her own. But was the garden or the gardener the attraction?

Donald Munro, the gardener at Craig Luce Castle, had succeeded his father and his grandfather in that situation. He was much attached to the family name, but disliked Lady Lilias, as all her tenantry did, and, of course, regretted the imbecility of the present master. Donald also pitied sincerely the lovely girl, who was as much imprisoned as ever damsel had been by necromantic art. Donald was well read in legendary and fairy lore; indeed, he was well informed on many subjects, and had an intellectual turn of mind. He had been educated at an excellent grammar-school, and was a good Latin scholar. He had a fine figure, a handsome face, and very good manners for one in his station. There was a degree of refinement, too, in his language, which doubtless arose from Nature's having made him somewhat of a poet. Happily, in addition to all these qualities, Donald was a sensible, well-principled, and "God-fearing" young man, as they say in Scotland. It was for Miss Lockhart's own good that he sought to create some occupation for her, and to interest her in her little garden. He was always very respectful to her, and never encouraged her to forget, as *she* was often inclined to do, the distance between their ranks in life.

It was not long, however, before the vigilant Lady Lilias found out that Jessy held longer conversations with Donald Munro than was necessary for obtaining information respecting the culture of her flowers; and though she did not suppose that a Lockhart could condescend to entertain any penchant for a person in Donald's humble position, she felt that Archy must appear to great disadvantage compared even to a good-looking and intelligent gardener. She accordingly determined to lose no more time in bringing about the marriage on which she had set her heart. That she was dooming her unfortunate charge to misery did not cost her one pang. She wanted Jessy's money to improve the property, and Jessy herself to be the wife of the awkward booby, whose deficiencies, she well knew, would prevent his ever being accepted by a member of any respectable family.

Her first care was to obtain Archy's consent. She found him very unwilling to agree to her proposal. Not that he disliked his cousin—he admitted that she was "a bonnie bit lassie"—but he had a great objection to marrying; for doubtless remembering how his mother had domineered over his father, he declared his belief that all husbands were henpecked, and all wives viragoes. If he married, he was quite convinced he would not be able to "call his head his own." Lady Lilias smiled at the value he put upon that brainless commodity, but endeavored to re-assure him as to his rights.—Jessy, she said, would and *should* be entirely at his orders; he should have more pocket-money if he consented to marry, and she would buy the new pony for him he had so long been wishing. The pony and the pocket-money carried the day, and Archy agreed to enter into the bonds of matrimony.

Lady Lilias found her niece more refractory. Jessy, albeit her fear of that dignified lady, plucked up spirit enough to refuse to marry her cousin. It was impossible, she declared. "She would not, could not, consent to such a sacrifice; she would rather go back to the boarding-school in London." But Lady Lilias returned to the charge again and again. Poor Jessy was of a soft and yielding disposition, and when her aunt told her that, as a young, unmarried woman, she could not enter into society without a chaperone, and there being no one to undertake that office, she might linger on for years and years at Craig Luce until she became an old maid, whereas, if she married Archy, she would be able to mix with the world and partake of all its amusements, her opposition became fainter and fainter, until at length, by false promises, Lady Lilias carried her point. The deluded girl was united to her half-witted cousin, and his wicked mother triumphed in her success.

She allowed the young couple to make a wedding-tour, and to spend a few weeks in the Scottish capital; she then thought it was time to clip their wings, and recall them to the castle, for it was no part of her plan to let them escape from under her jurisdiction. Jessy, indeed, wished to rebel, but Archy had been too long accustomed to obey implicitly his mother's commands to venture on disputing them; and, moreover, the strong influence of habit made him wish to return to his home. Jessy thought of running away from her husband and his tyrannical mother—but whither could she go? She had no relations or friends—no one to countenance her; so with a heavy heart she went back to her gloomy prison.

If Jessy had been unhappy before her marriage, she was still more discontented and wretched now, for the light of hope was extinguished in her mind. Bitterly did she lament her own folly in allowing herself to be chained to such a creature as her cousin Archy. Intensely did she hate Lady Lilias, and her naturally sweet temper became soured by her many trials. To her aunt she was distant and sullen, to her husband contemptuous and often cross. Archy saw how changed she was, but it did not give him much annoyance; he solaced himself by drinking more freely than ever, and he had always been inclined to the vice of drunkenness.

About this time, Donald Munro, Jessy's humble friend, married a young woman who had been a dressmaker at Wigton, and the flirtation, for such it was on Jessy's part, which had helped to break, in a slight degree, the tedium of her life, could not be carried on so vigorously. Another event, however, happened soon after the gardener's wedding, which made very great changes at the castle.

One evening when, as usual, gloom was on every countenance, and stillness, unbroken save by the sound of the winds and waves, reigned within that cheerless mansion, two gentlemen, accompanied by a servant, applied at the gate for admission. They were going from England to the Highlands of Scotland, and had taken a circuitous route to see this wild part of the country. The roads in the neighborhood of Craig Luce were bad; driving perhaps carelessly they had been overturned; both were bruised, but one was much more injured than the other. The least hurt was Lord Angus, a young Scotch nobleman, and a distant relation of Lady Lilias by her father's side. He claimed her hospitality for himself and his friend, and Lady Lilias exerted herself to receive them courteously, nor did she think it necessary to prevent Jessy from assisting in doing the honors of the castle.

Much shocked were both the guests to find so beautiful a young woman as Jessy thrown away upon such a miserable creature as Archy; and they were still more surprised when Lord Angus called to mind that her father had left her a considerable fortune. She was the theme of their discourse after the ladies had retired to rest, Mr. Latimer declaring he had half a mind to run away with her when he recovered from the effects of his accident, and Lord Angus vowing that had he known such a gem was under the charge of his old cousin, Lady Lilias, he would have besieged the castle, made the fair Jessy Lady Angus, and taken comfortable possession of her golden stores. Both agreed that Lady Lilias was a cunning and wicked old fox to sacrifice such a sweet girl to her ugly idiot of a son. But by what magic had she achieved this sacrifice? That puzzled them.

Poor Jessy's dreams that night were tinged with romance—a knight-errant and his faithful squire had arrived to deliver her from bondage. Lady Lilias was condemned to imprisonment in the dungeon-keep beneath the castle, and placed in the custody of Donald Munro, who appeared equipped in armor, with a shield and helmet, among the lofty plumes of which floated a lock of her own beautiful hair. Archy was compelled to divorce her, and was carried off to be shut up in a monastery of La Trappe; while she herself, in a garment of silver tissue, with a diamond coronet resting on her brow, was led to the altar by the knight, who turned out to be a prince in disguise!

From these vagaries of sleep she awoke to the pleasant reality that there were two agreeable strangers in the house, whose society she might enjoy, unchecked even by the odious Lady Lilias. Happy days these were for the poor recluse! She constituted herself Mr. Latimer's chief nurse, and never left his sofa except for a walk or a ride with Lord Angus, who speedily drew from her the history of her wrongs. He said all he could to console her; assured her that Archy would soon drink himself underground; and promised that he would then get his sister to invite her to her house, and, once, introduced into good society, she would be certain to make a brilliant marriage, for everybody liked pretty young widows. Lord Angus did not add—what he thought—"and rich ones."

Lord Angus loitered eight or ten days at the castle; then finding that it might be some time before Mr. Latimer would be able to travel—at least so said Latimer, and the doctor did not contradict him—and having a large party invited to join him at his Highland abode, he took his departure, with many protestations of gratitude to Lady Lilias for her kindness, and many apologies for still imposing his English friend as a guest on her.

Time flew on, yet still Mr. Latimer remained at the castle as if it had been his home. He was now quite well—he could no longer assume to be an invalid—what caused him thus to prolong his stay? Had that question been asked of Jessy Lockhart, her heart would have answered—*love*; had it been asked of truth, the answer would have been—*sin*. Mr. Latimer found Jessy beautiful, artless, and affectionate, and he did not scruple to take advantage of her misplaced confidence in him. It was a pleasant little episode in his life, nor was his object very difficult of attainment, for the young dame of the castle was not fortified against his seductions by much strength of principle. At first their intimacy was carried on with a good deal of caution, and Lady Lilias having been confined to her room by illness for some time, they had not her lynx eyes upon them. But when she got better, she soon perceived enough to arouse her suspicions. She watched them stealthily, but closely, and it was not long before conviction forced itself on her mind. Dire was her wrath at the discovery, and eagerly did she pant for revenge upon the smiling traitor who had brought ruin and disgrace into the family, under whose highly honorable roof he had been received with so much hospitality.

"My son must take vengeance on the miscreant!" she exclaimed to herself. "Half idiot as he is, he will surely feel such dishonor."

Archy generally kept very much out of his mother's way, but she knew his haunts, and she intercepted him one day as he was making for a cottage where a rustic beauty resided, of whom he was a great admirer.

"Archy, stop—I wish to speak to you," she said.

"If you're going to gie me a screed about the kirk, mother, it's no use; the minister may say what he likes, but I'm not going to put my foot in the kirk."

And the poor fool endeavored to assume a very courageous look, though his eyes quailed beneath his mother's blazing glance.

"It is not about the church that I want to speak to you; go to it, or stay from it as you please. I wish to speak to you about your wife—about that wretched Jessy."

"Oh—ay! Jessy. Well, I can't help if she's wretched; you made her so, not me. I ken very well that she'd rather hae married Donald, the gardener, than me; and I'm sure I'd rather hae married Bessie down yonder. She's worth fifty Jessys."

"Archibald! that miserable Jessy has played you false; she has taken up with you villain of an Englishman, whom to our misfortune, my cousin, Lord Angus, brought here. That base betrayer must not go unpunished; you must revenge your wrongs."

"How?" asked the injured husband, very calmly.

"Need I tell you? You must horsewhip him soundly—you must kick him out of the house, and then shoot him as you would shoot a mad dog."

"Ay, must I? That's easy said, mother, no so easy done," replied Archy, with a broad grin. "Two people can play at that game. Do you think now, my leddy, that yon English chiel is going to stand, like a blind, auld, mangy cur, for me to beat him, and kick him, and shoot him? Hoot, no! I'll be the one that'll be beaten, and shot too; and I'm not going to give my life for any Jessy."

"Archy, think of the disgrace—the dishonor cast upon our name!"

"But look here, mother—if you'll just keep your tongue quiet," said Archy, who was waxing bold in his colloquy with Lady Lilias, "and no be screeching about it, who's to know it? They won't tell upon themselves. I'll not say a word even to Bessie; and where will the disgrace be then?"

"Oh, fool—fool! Despicable craven!" cried Lady Lilias, wringing her hands in despair. "Can there be a drop of my blood in your veins?"

"Of course not," replied Archy, with a wise look. "How could it come there? I've got my own blood in my veins, and I'm no going to have it spilled for any havers about disgrace."

"Oh, Hector! my noble Hector! would that you had lived to have sustained the honor of our now fallen house—our ancient name!" exclaimed Lady Lilias, in great agitation. Then turning once more to her living son, she said, "Young man, will nothing induce you to punish the Southron scoundrel as he deserves?"

"Nothing!" replied Archy, doggedly. Any allusion to his brother always offended him, for he well remembered how differently, as children, they had been treated.

"Then a woman's hand shall do the deed!" hissed Lady Lilias, as her features assumed a determined and fiendish expression. Her look absolutely frightened Archy, who slunk away; and when he had got so the distance of a few paces from his mother, began to stride rapidly across the field, as if to escape her terrific presence.

"She'll murder that man," he muttered to himself, when he stopped to take breath. "But that's nae business of mine. I'll keep out of her way though, for fear she murders me, too, now she's got the deil in her. Oh, but she's an awfu' woman, yon!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TWO ROSES.

Softly stept she over the lawn,
In vesture light and free:
A floating Angel might have drawn
Her hair from heaven in a glory-dawn,
And her voice rang silverly.
Then up she rose on her tiny tip-toes,
And reach'd and reach'd among the boughs;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
But I have you now, said She.

Oh, so lightly over the lawn,
Step for step went he!
Thinking how, from his hiding-place,
The war of Roses in her face,
Dear Love would laugh to see!
Two arms suddenly round her he thrown,
Two mouths, turning one way, close;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
But I have you now, said He.

—*Gerald Massey.*

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

About twenty years ago, a man-of-war belonging to her Britannic Majesty was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which, as most people know, forms one of the group called the West India Islands, and belongs to the British.

It was a hot, sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over everything, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's rays, and, like a retreating enemy, was rolling slowly back to the horizon. Not a breath of wind stirred the water, not a sea-gull flapped its wing round the ship. The long pennon drooped lazily from the mast, as though sharing in the general languor of nature. The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasional black fin, that rippled lazily through the water for a little distance, and disappeared as its possessor sunk again into the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose towards the meridian, a breeze began to spring up—not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and hot as the breath of an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather, and the rapid fall of the thermometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the pinnace for a few hours' sail, and obtained it, but on the condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party, consisting of six middies and two mates, started, accordingly, in great spirits, notwithstanding the warning growls of some of the old tars. Thoughtless and fearless as English sailors generally are, they paid little attention to the freshening wind, and the fast altering appearance of the sky. The tide was running out with great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a middy with the sheets, the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when, like a thunderbolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsized in an instant. All its crew were immersed, but soon made their appearance again, swimming like corks on the surface; and in a short time were collected like a flock of water-fowl on the keel of their upturned boat. When they had shaken the water out of their eyes, looked about them a little, and found their numbers undiminished, they held a consultation on their condition, and the chances for and against their rescue. The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiriting, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship was hidden from sight by clouds of rain—for the storm had now come on in all its fury—and the land was invisible from the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and, worse than all, they were drifting with the full force of wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from any land, their fate would be certain. Such being the state of things, many hopes were expressed that the ship would send boats in search of them. Comfortable suggestions, but with too little foundation. At last, the two eldest determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case could have suggested. It was to attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first-rate swimmers, and, as far as the distance was concerned, might have attempted it on a calm day without much fear of failure; but in a heavy sea the case was different, and both wind and tide, though not dead against them, combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all, the place swarmed with sharks.—Nothing daunted, however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and, after a short good-bye, and a hurried exhortation to the big ones to hold the little ones on, and all to keep up their pluck, they leaped into the sea.

I cannot describe with what feelings they left their little boat, which, though a frail support enough, seemed like an ark of refuge, when compared to the pitiless waves, to whose mercy they committed themselves. They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement, and as some sort of protection against the much-dreaded sharks. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their backs to rest, sometimes striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and they were encouraged by a glimpse, through a break in the gale, of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins; an exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in an agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; still they mechanically swam on, and, to their surprise, the sharks, although playing all round them, did not touch them. They made continual short rushes at them, and when the poor fellows closed their eyes in all the agony of death, passed by them; or turning on their backs, they would open their monstrous jaws and close their teeth with a loud clash within a few inches of their victim's body. One of these men said afterwards that he felt at that time like a mouse in the power of a cat, that plays with the poor wretch before she makes her supper off it.—Still, however, they swam on, the thunder rolling, the lightning flashing above them, struggling against a heavy sea, terrific wind, and strong tide, tired and exhausted, with these horrid monsters swimming round them. One often reads of nights of terror, that turn a man's hair gray. Many of these may be considered peaceful, when compared with the horrors of that five hours' swim. At last, however, they succeeded in nearing the extreme end of the island; the sharks one by one left them; the last, however, made a farewell plunge at the lad nearest him, and though he missed him with his teeth, struck him a violent blow in the stomach with his strong tail. The poor fellow called out; and his companion, who was swimming a few yards in advance, though thoroughly exhausted, returned to his friend's assistance; he supported him until he recovered sufficiently to proceed, and at last they once more touched the firm ground. They straggled up the beach, and lay down for a few minutes utterly worn out; but the thought of their comrades clinging to that upturned boat roused them to fresh exertions. After staggering on for about half a mile in the direction of some houses, they met a number of negroes, who, as our heroes were entirely naked, attacked them with stones, and they would in all probability have fallen victims to this "nigger" sense of decency, had not an officer fortunately passed by at the moment and recognized them.

In a few minutes, their story was told, and prompt measures were adopted to rescue the remainder of the party. Boats were quickly launched under the lee of the island, and the two mates, although nearly dead from exhaustion, persisted in embarking in them. The danger was not yet over, for the sea was running mountains high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen of the missing ones. It had become quite dark, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned towards the shore, when, by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge black wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half drowned boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found to their great joy the number complete. They, too, had begun to despair; had feared their two brave comrades had perished; were wearied and half suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them; and some were talking of loosing their hold when the timely relief arrived.

On reaching the shore, the two brave mates gave in. The reaction which followed their exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died, a victim to his heroism; the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind affected by all that he had gone through; for months afterwards he would start up in his bed with a shriek of terror as he saw, in all the vivid reality of dreamland, those monstrous sharks glaring at him, and heard the gnash of their sharp teeth.

This wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact, that the spot where they landed was the site of the slaughter-house for the troops, and that the sharks were so sated with the offal thrown into the sea at that time, that even the unusual delicacy of "white man" could not tempt them. If, however, only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, the case would have been very different; for sharks, like beasts of prey, are roused to fury at the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.

☞ It is a remarkable fact, that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few of them can decline matrimony.

☞ Dr. Johnson's definition of network is: "Anything denticulated or reticulated with interstices between the intersections."

☞ Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing. *Burke.*

☞ When our hatred is violent, we sink beneath the level of those we hate.—*Rochefoucault.*

☞ Do all you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.—*Nettleton.*

THE OVER-HEART.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever!"—*Paul.*

Above, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and span, in star and man,
Well might the sage Athenian see
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,
One Being's tidal rise and fall,
In soul and form, in sound and sight,
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear,
The central fact of Nature owns,
Kneels, trembling, by its awful shores,
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appease and atone.

Guilt shapes the Terror: deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of Torment rise;

And what is Hell? The ripe grain nods,
The sweet dew falls, the sweet flowers blow,
But darker signs the presence show:
The earthquake's throe and thunder's are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn
Like needles to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For only they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon his breast!

In time of old from the Sybil told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
What sage and magian owned,
The heart of God beholds,
The love for which the ages groaned!

Fade pole-star of dreadful imagery
Wherein mankind have deified
Their baser and selfishness and pride!
Let the mad dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What does that holy Guide require?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But, instead, a kindly brotherhood,
Looking where duty is desire,
To find, in, the beautiful and good.

Gone are the faithlessness of fear;
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!—
Ah lo! their hideous wreck above,
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
Man turns from God, not God from him,
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
Oh, heart of mine! with reverence own
The fullness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known!

Independent.

THE MANOIR DUPRES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY HOWITT.

Should you ever go by *diligence* from Belmont to Orville you will see midway a small tavern, the Golden Lion. This tavern was kept by my uncle, and there I lived many years. The road upon which we lived must have been a dreary one for travellers. Often have I watched them rouse themselves up from the sleep into which they invariably fell during the last uninteresting stage of their journey, whilst old Pierre got down to water the horses and refresh himself with a glass of brandy, or, as he reverently termed it, *faire ses dévotions*. Although a board above our door announced "Relays of Horses," our stable was but one-fulled, and always occupied by my uncle's old gray mare, which had but little work to do, and allowed no stranger to mount her. We were quiet people enough. The passing through of the stage-coach to Orville each morning, and its return in the evening, was the chief event of each day. The only house near us, except two or three cottages scattered about among the fields, and inhabited by very poor peasants, was the *Manoir*. This stood facing our tavern exactly on the opposite side of the high road. It was a tall, dreary place, surrounded by high stone walls, within which lay the farm-yard and farm-buildings. There was no pretence of a flower-garden, vegetables for the family use were cultivated in one of the wide fields extending around, and at the back of the *Manoir*. The crops grown upon the *Manoir* farm, which was extensive, were chiefly buckwheat, mangel-wursel, and turnips. A small copse of stunted oaks and thorns stood on one side of the house, the trees blown landwards by the winds, which rushed over the sand-hills, from the not far-distant sea.

My sister Katrine was servant at the *Manoir*. We were greatly attached to each other, being orphans, and having been brought up together from almost infancy by our kind uncle. In fact the inhabitants of the tavern and *Manoir* seemed pretty much to form one family. Always on washing and brewing and cleaning days, I used to go across to help Katrine, nor did a single day pass in the course of many years, when we did not have more or less intercourse with our opposite neighbors. My uncle, too, not having much to do at home, was glad enough to make himself useful in the farm-yard, exercising his skill as blacksmith, or veterinary surgeon—in the house, also, he was ever ready at any odd job of carpentering or tailoring, for he was a sort of "Jack of all-trades" going by the name of *Monsieur Faire-tout*.

It was Monsieur Dupres who lived at the *Manoir*. He was a very quiet gentleman. When I was a little child I remember his coming back from Paris with a grand lady, a good many years younger than himself, whom he had just married. The gray mare was quite a young thing, only just broken in then, and my uncle did not like to take her upon any important business, so he drove two of Monsieur's cart horses to Belmont to fetch home countless boxes and portmanteaux, containing madame's grand clothes and finery just fresh from Paris.

Madame had been a great beauty at court, where, it was said, she had received an affront. In her indignation she married a quiet country gentleman, and throwing up all her old acquaintances and relatives, came with her unpretending husband to his solitary mansion. There were no neighbors to visit her in her new home, and nothing much to do. Madame's grand clothes were locked up in the tall closets of the *salle-a manger*, and the great carriage in which with much state they had arrived from Paris, was locked up in one of the farm-buildings. Madame was a high spirited woman, and had her own way in everything. Monsieur looked after his affairs without the house, and she within reigned supreme. In course of time a girl Virginie was born, and three or four years later a boy, Eugene. Mademoiselle Virginie grew up a strange, wilful girl. She was never a favorite with her mother. They were perhaps too similar in their characters to agree well together. Eugene, on the contrary, was the favorite, and his mother watched all the household expenses with an almost penurious eye, in order to prepare for him in future years a more ample fortune than otherwise would have been his. After Monsieur's death, which occurred when the children were still quite young, only one servant was kept, and this was my sister Katrine. Madame made the same clothes last her from year's end to year's end, and each day, wet or dry, might be seen in her black silk bonnet and large, black cloak, and wearing the late Monsieur's top-boots, out in the fields superintending the laborers. The remainder of the day she spent in her little *cabinet* adding up her accounts. She was rarely with her children, except at meal-times, when she made it a rule that no conversation should take place unless she commenced it. Their education was entrusted to Monsieur Gourbart, the priest of a small village two miles off. He lodged at the sexton's cottage, which stood midway between the *Manoir* and the village. He was a very good, though odd and somewhat simple old gentleman. He was generally called Papa by the villagers and poor folks around, and this mode of address was adopted at the *Manoir*. He was no great favorite with Mademoiselle Virginie. She was of an inquiring turn of mind, and the quickest, cleverest child I ever saw. She often asked Papa questions which he either had not the knowledge or wit to answer, when perceiving, with a certain enjoyment, that she had puzzled him, she would laugh unsparingly at him, and soon lost all respect for her tutor. But, in fact, she paid little respect to any one. She spent her time mostly, as it seemed best suited to herself. She had a small black horse, wild as herself, which she called Death. Of this horse she was passionately fond. With her long, ruddy brown hair falling over her shoulders, and flying behind her, mounted upon Death, be the weather what it might, she would scour over the sand-hills, and along the coast for miles. Upon her return she would unsaddle Death, and retreat to a queer little domicile which she had made for herself in a corner of the attic. This was her study, for in it she collected by degrees the greater number of books left in a large closet of the late Monsieur's dressing-room. This favorite retreat of Mademoiselle Virginie's commanded an extensive view of the coast and sea. There she would remain for hours, only descending to her meals and lessons, or for her wild rides upon Death, or romping games with her brother in the farm-buildings, copse and fields.

Eugene and Papa agreed much better. Eugene in all respects was much the most amiable and well-behaved of the two children. Thus years gradually and monotonously crept on, Mademoiselle Virginie growing into a girl of seventeen, and Monsieur Eugene into a lanky youth of some thirteen or fourteen. A more monotonous life could not well be imagined. The passing of the diligence, and Papa's comings and goings marked the hours of the day to us at the *Manoir*, for, I should say, that as years rolled on, I spent more and more of my time across the way. We spoke of the progress of the seasons, by the sowing of the crops, by the blooming of the wood-ruff in the copse, by the getting in of the hay, by the gathering of Papa's apples at the sexton's—when he went down to the cottage with paniers upon the gray mare to receive the old gentleman's annual donation of fruit to Madame—by the cutting of the buckwheat, and by the falling of the leaves in the copse. New Year's day stood alone in its marked character, for upon that eventful morning my uncle and I dressed in our best and went over the way with an unvarying ceremony to present the compliment of the season to Madame, who sat in state in the drawing-room, which, after twelve o'clock of that day, was again closed for the remainder of the year, except when Katrine and I entered each Saturday to dust the furniture. Papa and Madame's children were not less ceremonious than uncle and myself in presenting their compliments.

About the time of which I now speak, hints were occasionally dropped that probably Monsieur Eugene might leave home for school. But no active steps appeared likely to be immediately taken to that effect.

One day, when the leaves had just began to turn yellow in the copse, the stage-coach which I have omitted to state was also the mail-coach, left at the Golden Lion, a large black edged and black sealed letter addressed to Madame. I immediately carried the letter over the way, and waited until Katrine had taken it into the cabinet. That afternoon Madame stepped across to fetch uncle. He must bring out the family coach immediately, and on the morrow she should require the gray mare, and his services as coachman, to convey Monsieur Eugene and herself to Havre. Her late deeply regretted husband's eldest and only brother was dead, and she intended to follow his remains to the grave.

Uncle and Louis, the farm-lad, Monsieur Eugene assisting, went that afternoon to bring the carriage forth from its long retirement. For years it had reposed so undisturbedly that the fowls, to say nothing of myriads of moths, had taken it as their abode, and long had considered it indisputably their own. The daylight let in upon the carriage, uncle lifted his cap, and rubbed his forehead in mute astonishment, and Monsieur Eugene and Louis burst into such unrestrained fits of laughter, both at the coach, at uncle's astonished countenance, and at the cackling and disturbed state of the poultry-yard, that Katrine and I came to look on, and both joined in their unseemly merriment. The noise of laughter brought out Madame Dupres, and our mirth was instantly silenced. Louis slunk away, hearing Madame vow in an unusually angry voice, that he should quit her service that very night, for having so shamefully neglected the carriage. Madame, however, appeared the least disheartened of us all at the condition of the family coach. It must be brought out, she declared, and got ready forthwith for the morrow's journey. Uncle must instantly set about doing all that had to be done. That afternoon and far into the night, by candle-light, did uncle stand scrubbing and hammering within and without, while Katrine and I re-lined the carriage, and re-covered the cushions with a pair of *old* brown silk damask window-curtains.

Early the next morning, uncle dressed in his best, brought out, with an ominous air, the renovated family coach drawn by the gray mare. Into it stepped Madame Dupres, with the air of a Duchess, assisted by Papa.—She was attired in a black satin dress, of antiquated cut, one of her well-preserved wardrobes, and was followed by Monsieur Eugene. Mademoiselle Virginie, Katrine, and myself, watched the departure from the steps, whilst the farm laborers remained in the yard to catch a glimpse of the unusual grandeur. The gateway was thrown open, and uncle drove out into the road. Passing out, however, the coach being of unusual dimension, one wheel struck against the wall, and splitting as if made of tinder, down, with an indescribable dust, came the family coach and it contents, a deplorable ruin!

Forth from the demolished carriage appeared Madame, white with indignation, and in a terrible voice exclaimed to uncle,

"Monsieur Caplin, had I been better acquainted with your true capacity, I should not have entrusted my son's life and my own to your driving."

"You'll have to go in the chaise, after all mamma," cried Mademoiselle Virginie, "and be driven by Monsieur *Faire-tout*, so don't offend him, for you can get no one else to drive you. Quick, Katrine and Laurie, get out the caleche, and I'll help Monsieur *Faire-tout* to unharness the mare!"

Necessity occasioned Madame to smother her mortified pride. Within an hour the ordinarily used old chaise, drove off towards Belmont on its way to Havre, carrying along the little party bound upon their lugubrious errand—and probably to be absent nearly a week. That winter, the remains of the family coach served as fire-wood; though long after the last splinter of it had been consumed, its memory lived upon Madame's lips as a reproach to poor uncle.

Papa continued during this short and unusual absence of Madame and Monsieur Eugene, to give daily instruction to Mademoiselle. It was upon the third day, whilst Katrine and I sat at our knitting in the kitchen, that we heard Mademoiselle Virginie's voice raised to an unusually high pitch, exclaiming—

"Monsieur, should you ever dare speak to me again of entering a convent, you'll find me off to England in five minutes!"

"But, Mademoiselle, it is the desire of Madame, your mother; and think of the blessed Saints!"

"Blessed Saints! I'm not one of them, Papa, neither is my mother! It is because she wants the house clear of me, on Eugene's account, she would have me leave the world. But I'm not going to leave the world, I tell you once for all."

We let drop our knitting, and sat looking at each other in surprise. A door banged loudly to, and then all was silent.

Papa that day sat down to dinner alone. The door of Mademoiselle's attic was locked. We thought probably that she was up there, and did not choose to come down at present. I therefore took up her dinner and set it before the door. Evening came on, and rain fell in torrents. Papa sat and read in the corridor, at the little table before the window, the favorite seat of the whole family, because this window commanded a view for some miles, of the road and its rare traffic. Mademoiselle did not appear, and the food at her door was untouched. As the night closed in, we all grew seriously uneasy, especially as Louis brought word that he had found Death still saddled and bridled, standing, wet, and covered with foam, in the stable; yet no trace of Mademoiselle was found anywhere. We knocked repeatedly at her attic door, but received no answer. Her chamber-door had stood open all day, and she was not there; again and again we searched for her, and called her name throughout the house and farm-buildings.

"She is gone! certainly gone!" cried Papa, greatly agitated and distressed. "What shall I say to Madame? She will declare it is all my doing. Alas! I am, indeed, an unfortunate man! Ah, now I know what my dream, three weeks ago, portended. I might, I ought to have foreseen it all then, only it was shown me figuratively. Alas! unfortunate that I am! St. Nicholas protect her! she is gone! she is gone! I know it—I feel it! But stay—if she should have drowned herself—there was a sea, a wild, tempestuous sea, in my dream. Alas! alas! that means misfortune. Let us search for her on the coast; let us hasten there immediately!"

We did so, Papa, Louis and I. In the darkness and rain, by the light of the stable lantern, we sought for her amidst the dreary sand hills, calling aloud her name, our voices drowned in the rushing of the rising tide and the tempestuous wind which had risen. All was dark upon the horizon, except a single light afar off, like a star upon the water, which was lost and then again seen, ever and anon, as the waves rose and fell.

"She is there! she is there! She is in that fishing-boat!" shrieked the thin voice of Papa, in the greatest distress. "I knew it! I knew it! my dream showed it all clearly.—Alas! what a misfortune! what a misfortune! Let us kneel down here, my friends!" he pursued, almost frantically, "and implore a merciful Providence to send her back to us in safety!"

We did so, kneeling upon the wet sand, and buffeted by the tempest; and I believe all fervently joined in the supplications of our good priest. He rose, much calmed, and we all returned mournfully to the *Manoir*. I myself, some way, trusting that what Papa suggested of Mademoiselle being on board the fishing-smack, might be false, and that, by some chance, we might learn from Katrine, upon our return, that she had arrived during our absence. But it was not so.

All that night Katrine and I sat and cried in the kitchen. Papa wandered disconsolately about the house, offering up prayers, and ever and anon looking in upon us, exclaiming:

"How shall we face Madame? what shall we say to her?"

On the morrow we gave the alarm to our far-scattered neighbors, and another and wider search was made, but with no result, except that a woman out among the sand hills with her goats in the afternoon, had seen Mademoiselle riding furiously towards the sea upon Death.

"Ah! it is no use searching for her!" observed Papa, mournfully; "she is gone, I tell you, in the smack with Pierre's cousin, the fisherman! There was a great deal in my dream about the sea and boats!"

Day after day went by, and no Mademoiselle had returned. And now the seventh morning had arrived, when Madame was expected to return.

We were pondering, whilst we prepared Madame's chamber, upon what we should say to Madame concerning Mademoiselle's disappearance, when a well-known footstep upon the stairs occasioned us to hasten into the corridor, where we met the object of our anxiety, leading by the hand a little girl of eight years old.

"Mademoiselle Virginie! is it you?" we exclaimed.

"Who else is it likely to be?" she returned, abruptly. "Now, ask no questions. This is a little girl whom I am going to take care of; that is quite sufficient for you."

Papa, when he arrived, was greatly delighted, but not less amazed than ourselves.—In the midst of our rejoicing, Katrine exclaimed, as she glanced through the corridor window:

"There is Madame's chaise upon the brow of the hill!"

"Quick, then, Monsieur!" said Mademoiselle Virginie, "and take my little friend to the sexton's wife. I will soon come and see her."

The child clung to Mademoiselle Virginie's dress, but she quickly loosed herself from the grasp of the small hands, and kissing the little girl, placed her in the arms of Papa, who carried her away, seeking to console her with a tale of good little St. Genevieve, and the beautiful vision of angels she saw. The good man's black skirts had just disappeared beyond the turnip-field, when Madame's chaise stood at the door.

Madame looked stern and grave.

"Take that, and carry it to the attic," said she, with contempt, as she handed out of the chaise a huge portrait of the late lamented merchant of Havre. "Nor will there be need of black," she added.

She never again spoke either of him or of her visit. In the back of the chaise, seated upon Madame's trunk, was a woman, still young but faded, thin and very quiet. She was dressed in deep mourning. She was a cousin of the Duprès family, and was left by the late merchant to the care of Madame, together with his portrait. His money he had left to more needy relatives—to the widow of a tailor, and to a lame soldier.

The poor dependent, whose name was Angeline, quietly entered upon the numerous duties which Madame imposed upon her. She had a general oversight of the house linen, and the culinary department; and the airing and taking charge of Madame's grand but antiquated wardrobe especially devolved upon her. Madame also always expected her to be in readiness to attend upon her as lady's maid.

Mademoiselle Virginie showed the most marked aversion to her. If Mademoiselle hated any person or thing, she never was slow in showing her hatred, and Angeline formed no exception to the rule. She rarely spoke to her; but when she did so, it was with undisguised contempt; her very presence seemed to irritate Mademoiselle, and the sound of the constant click of her industrious needle, or the sight of her quiet, stooping black figure, would often call forth some cruel, sharp word, as Mademoiselle would impatiently quit the room. It seemed as though Mademoiselle could not ever endure to be in the same apartment with the object of her dislike. Angeline, however, bore all meekly and quietly. The loss of her relative appeared to be heavy at her heart; for her eyes were often swollen in the morning, as though she had wept bitterly in the night, and her whole air and manners were those of one who mourned deeply though secretly. She fulfilled her duties with the greatest exactitude, scarcely ever exchanging a word with any one except Papa. With Katrine and myself she was very silent; but her gentleness and unobtrusiveness in all things, great and small, touched our hearts. Though treated as a servant by the family, we felt that she was our superior in knowledge of many kinds, and therefore it was not to be expected that in us she should find companions. We pitied her truly from the bottom of our souls. Like ourselves, however, the passing to and fro of the diligence was an object of interest to her. We always found her stationed with her needlework at the corridor window, awaiting its arrival; and sometimes, as it passed, she would heave such quiet, sad sighs, and follow its dusty track along the road with such a vague anguish in her mournful, pale face, that the thought repeatedly struck me, and I mentioned it to Katrine, that perhaps she expected some friend or relative to come by it; or at all events a letter. One day, as if thinking aloud, I said something of the kind to her. She laid her head upon my shoulder, and cried very silently but convulsively, as though the very innermost of her heart flowed out in her tears. When she had wept for a few moments, she pressed my hand and raised her head, and continued her needlework—but said not a word.

Little Lisette lived at the sexton's where she learnt to sew and to knit from his wife, and to read and write from Papa, who took greatly to the child, and it was generally supposed in the neighborhood that she was an orphan, whom he had befriended. She was of a singularly sweet and yielding disposition, yet to all our questions of who she was and whence she came, she preserved a resolute silence.

Mademoiselle Virginie frequently fetched her to the *Manoir*, where she never annoyed Madame, who, looking upon her as a child in no way concerning her, treated her presence with supreme indifference. Angeline, on the contrary, was much attracted towards her—would kiss and caress her whenever occasion offered, would give her such trifling presents as her poor means could afford, and as greatly delighted a child—a picture of the Holy Child Jesus sleeping upon a cross, from between the leaves of her missal, or a bunch of raisins which she had put aside from her Sunday dessert. For several nights, too, she sat up late, and rose early, to make Lisette a couple of frocks and a warm cape for the coming winter, out of an old dress and shawl of her own, which she no longer wore, being now in mourning.—Mademoiselle Virginie discovering this gift of poor Angeline's to her little *protege*, flushed crimson with passion, snatched off the little cape, and flung the frocks, which were neatly rolled together for the little girl to carry home, across the room, violently declaring that Lisette was under her protection, and should be dressed in the clothes she gave her, and that she would have no one interfering with her affairs! She sternly commanded the child to remain with her henceforth when she came to the *Manoir*. Angeline, who was in the room, having just put the little cape upon Lisette's shoulders, and given her the parcel with a very loving kiss, looked very much pained, and left the room with a sudden flush over her face and trembling about her lips, but said not a word.

As if to withdraw Lisette's affections from Angeline, and to fix them more firmly upon herself, Mademoiselle now was more than usually affectionate and indulgent to the little girl. She, Eugene and Louis constructed a swing in the out-building, and Mademoiselle would swing her in it, or play at hide and seek with her in the cart-sheds and wood-yard. She would take her out into the field, and teach her the names of the late-blooming autumnal flowers, and, placing the richly tinted faded leaves, and the petals of the brightest colored flowers behind pieces of glass, make for her little friend those pretty playthings, called by children, "peep-shows." On mild days, too, she would set the child before her upon Death, and at first riding gently, to accustom her to the motion of the horse, they would take long rides along the sea-shore. As winter came on, Mademoiselle would teach her to slide, and even had a little pair of skates made by my uncle, under her direction, for the little girl; for Mademoiselle Virginie was as clever as a boy at all such exercises, and was, it seemed, determined that her little charge should resemble herself in all such accomplishments. Often, too, when the weather was bad, Mademoiselle would instruct Lisette from books and maps which she had in her little study. Sometimes I have heard her voice speaking to the little girl in such tones of tenderness that I have started with surprise, little believing that so much gentleness and love existed in Mademoiselle's nature. Winter thus rolled quietly on, Lisette and her young protectress becoming more and more bound up in each other's affection, whilst, if possible, poor Angeline's life was daily growing more and more melancholy. Monsieur Eugene was gone to school, and he always had had a kind word for Angeline, and boy though he was, often showed great thoughtfulness for her. He used to notice her shortness of breath, as she carried burdens too heavy for her up the stairs, and would insist upon taking them himself; would perceive that her head ached, when neither his mother nor sister observed it, and in fine, snatch her work out of her hands by force, blow out her candle, and often carry it away, so that she was obliged to desist. In many ways he showed her attentions and respect, though often in boyish ways. She struggled on now, unheeded, in her toilsome life, and Katrine and I remarked to each other that she grew daily weaker.

In the spring she became so weak as to be confined to her chamber, and rapidly grew seriously ill, to such a degree that the physician from Belmont was sent for. He pronounced her in great danger, and observed that her illness evidently proceeded from concealed distress of mind.

Angeline becoming delirious, Mademoiselle Virginie, to the surprise of Katrine and myself, and in spite of her mother's wishes to the contrary, became her nurse, waiting night and day upon her, and fulfilling all the physician's injunctions with the most scrupulous attention. Within a fortnight a decided change for the better showed itself in the patient, and she commenced gradually to recover. Madame one evening desired me to take my needle-work and sit within call of Angeline in an inner room, whilst Mademoiselle refreshed herself by some exercise. Not seeing Mademoiselle Virginie in the invalid's chamber, as I passed through it, I supposed that she had already set forth on her walk, and Angeline reposing in a calm sleep, I entered the inner room unobserved, and commenced my sewing.

After some little time I heard Mademoiselle Virginie, however, re-enter the chamber, and with that peculiar and unusual gentleness of voice which I have already mentioned, say something to the invalid, and I heard Angeline's weak tones reply. Gradually, Mademoiselle appeared to become the sole speaker, and singular words, spoken with deep emotion, fell upon my ear.

"Angeline," she said, "I have watched and prayed for this moment. Your sufferings, though different, have not been more than mine, during your illness. The struggle has been severe and long. Thank our Heavenly Father, that He has given me the victory. I came now to claim your forgiveness. Not a word, dear Angeline; as yet you do not know whether you can forgive me. Wait until you have learnt what I have to say."

Having over-heard thus far, I stood irresolute, not wishing to intrude upon their interview by making my appearance unexpectedly in Angeline's chamber, through which alone I could gain the staircase; neither did I desire to hear further should I remain where I was. I endeavored, therefore, to occupy myself with my own thoughts—but in vain.

Spite of my endeavors, I became riveted to the spot in breathless attention, whilst I heard Mademoiselle reveal the long hidden mystery of little Lisette's sudden appearance among us.

Mademoiselle told how, in a sudden freak, during her mother's absence at Havre, she had quitted her home and betaken herself to the sea-shore, where, seeing Pierre's cousin, the fisherman, just putting forth to sea, she offered him half the money which her purse contained, if he would take her along with him wherever he was going. The man was in haste, and as she would receive no denial, he was forced to comply. She stepped into the little fishing-smack, and wrapping herself up in a sail, sat down upon the deck, prepared to weather the wild, wet night, which was just setting in. She soon discovered that she was not the sole passenger on board. In the dim light, she observed a figure like herself, wrapt up in a sail, and seated upon a heap of nets. A child's voice, weeping in distress, proceeded from the same direction. She asked the fisherman who were her companions. In a low voice, he replied that they were a gentleman who was obliged to fly from France, with his little daughter, on account of a book which he had written, and which had made him obnoxious to the Government. This information awakened her sympathies, and she crossed the narrow deck to her unfortunate companions.

"I have heard your history, Monsieur," she said, stretching forth her hand, "and am your friend; give your little child here to me, and I will keep her warm."

She seated herself upon the deck near her new friends, took the little girl upon her lap, and soothed her into calmness, where she soon fell asleep, with her head resting upon Virginie's shoulder.

There was something in her frank words and actions, which awakened the confidence of the child's father in this hour of need. He confided to her the knowledge of his little Lisette being motherless, though probably her mother was still alive. He told her that thoughtlessly, and carried away by impulse, as he had unfortunately been all his life, he had some nine years ago fallen in love with, and suddenly married a young lady, whose acquaintance he had made when quite a youth, and upon a visit to a merchant of Havre. That his mother at Paris, having learnt the fact from himself, discovered that her daughter-in-law was without rank or fortune, was greatly irritated at this connexion formed without her consent, and insisted upon its being kept secret, and upon their separation, offering to take the child, educate and provide for it. This he had agreed to do temporarily, secretly trusting that the time was not far distant when circumstances might enable him openly to claim his wife, and restore to her her child. After eight years, his mother being no more, the long expected time of freedom had arrived, as he fondly trusted, but with the publication of his work, such a storm had burst over him, that his only hope of safety and of continued union with his child appeared to be exile. He had kept up an occasional correspondence with his wife until within a few weeks of the present period, and had communicated to her the news, as he hoped, of brighter days being in store for them all. His silence, he feared, might now cause her unspeakable anxiety, and, therefore, he would gladly entrust a letter for his wife to Mademoiselle Virginie, a letter which he hurriedly wrote in the little cabin before reaching the opposite coast, and which, directed to Mademoiselle Angeline Bedale, Rue ——, Havre, he delivered into her hands. The child's forlorn condition, and her anxiety to aid her new friend impelled her, prompted by a generous but thoughtless impulse, to offer to return with the little girl to France, and to take charge of her until her father should send for or fetch her away. Legrand accepted her offer with evident thankfulness, and his expressions of gratitude made her heart swell with delight. Legrand's conversation, upon many subjects during the night and day which they had passed together in the boat, had kindled an ardent enthusiasm within her soul, both for the principles expounded by the eloquent speaker, and for the speaker himself.

Often had she read, with glowing heart, of heroes who had suffered martyrdom for their country, and in Legrand her imagination beheld them all concentrated. It would have been a joy to have gone through fire and water to serve him. How joyful, then, to have met with an opportunity for service easy as this!

When the fishing smack touched at Dynechurch, upon the Kentish coast, they parted with mutual regret, Mademoiselle having forced the remainder of her money upon her friend, who, she found, was almost penniless, and he having presented her with the one copy which he had brought with him of his proscribed book.

She returned in the fishing-boat to France, taking the little girl with her, who wept much at parting with her father. Their voyage back was calm and sunshiny. Little Lucille, or Lisette, as Legrand wished her to be called until her true name should be revealed, slept much, worn out by her grief and the fatigue of the previous excitement. Mademoiselle, on the contrary, was wakeful from the varied emotions agitating her soul. As the boat glided back over the smooth sea, or paused for the hauling in of nets, she would lean brooding over the gunwale, and as if attentively watching the waves, sink into reveries, in which every word and expression of Legrand would rise up lovingly in her memory, and all

their delightful conversations be lived over again, and be augmented by those touches and episodes introduced even into the recollection of past realities by a romantic mind, given to indulge in those dangerous things, "imaginary conversations." By the time the fishing boat had reached the French coast, Mademoiselle Virginie had freely given up her whole soul and imagination to the intoxication of a most romantic love for Legrand. He was her hero,—it mattered not that he had a wife; true, this circumstance would prevent him ever feeling for her the sentiment which glowed within her heart for him; still, love him she must.

The desire to aid him, to be of use to him, inspired her with daring for any undertaking—the more difficult the task, the more glorious, the more lovely! Had it been the time of the Crusades, she would have, unknown to him, attired herself as his little foot-page, and followed through all dangers to aid and to comfort him when wounded or sick or unhappy; she would, as her supremest bliss, have waited upon him hand and foot: she felt envious of all good, beautiful and noble things or persons which he praised, or which had interested him, and she longed to be of them. She yearned for his praise, and to be, as it were, taken into his service. She who, until now, had cared for no praise—had scorned to put herself out of the way to serve any one! In these long reveries she became more and more, in her own imagination, united with him, and the image of his wife retired into the back-ground; his child, sleeping now so calmly and confidingly upon her knee, was the bond between them; how tenderly, how lovingly, would she guard and instruct her!—Tears rushed to her eyes, and she bent her head down, and impressing a long, warm kiss upon the child's forehead, vowed to serve Legrand faithfully and lovingly, and a yearning for his happiness even ascended into prayers for him.

As if to test whether her love for Legrand was in truth disinterested or not, and to give her the immediate means of serving him, if she chose, within an hour of her return home with the child, by a singular and unexpected circumstance, Legrand's long parted wife, and the mother and natural guardian of her little *protege*, was living under the same roof with herself.

It was not many hours before Mademoiselle made this astonishing discovery, and there were then miserable inmates revealed within her breast, jealousy and contempt of the patient and suffering wife and mother, who thus all unconsciously had been mysteriously led by the hand of Providence to the same spot as her child.

All these circumstances, and the following, briefly, but with the deepest emotion, Mademoiselle Virginie now confessing to Angeline, she sought in no way to palliate the evil of her conduct, but with heavy, contrite words and bitter tears, humbled herself before her astonished, but most tenderly compassionate listener, whom she had for so many months pained and injured; and through all was felt the great strength of an unhappy and passionate love. As I listened, a surprised and unworthy confidante of their secret histories, tears flowed down my cheeks. It was to me most touching to hear the keen self-reproaches and humility of Mademoiselle, who was so proud and hard by nature, but who, through most deep, though wrongly placed affection, had acted very unworthily, but been severely chastened.

She confessed that the discovery was a severe shock to her, and that Angeline became personally unendurable to her. Her conscience upbraided her unceasingly for her meanness and want of honor in withholding Legrand's letter from the one for whom it was intended, and that one his wife; but an unaccountable pride withheld her day by day from humbling herself even in her own eyes, before Angeline, whom her disordered imagination had created into a rival, and this duty so simple in itself at first, became more and more difficult as time wore on. She sought as a relief, to banish the remembrance of Angeline and her own breach of duty; and possessing an immense power of will, had been enabled for a time to accomplish this; but the very object of adoration in the thoughts of whom she sought to absorb her mind, rose as her judge and ceaseless upbraider. She had read and re-read the pages of the proscribed book—until they were inscribed upon her memory, and had become voices, ever addressing her and calling her to account. And out of them was read her condemnation, pronounced in the tones of a voice so beloved by her spirit, and enforced in her imagination by flashes of indignation from eyes which she should never forget. She had fallen into a snare, by neglecting to follow the simple though narrow path of duty. She had lost her true self-respect, yet still was too weak and infatuated to boldly break the bonds which held her captive, and sunk her ever deeper. The more she harbored prejudice against Angeline, the dearer grew Lisette, and the more jealous she became of her affection, a fear ever haunting her that some day natural instinct would reveal to the two the relationship existing between them, though now separated for years. She sought, if possible, to ease her loudly upbraiding conscience, and at the same time to attract the child more strongly to her, by lavishing yet greater love and thoughtfulness upon her education and amusement, vainly endeavoring to persuade herself, that thus she was in spirit, fulfilling her promise to Legrand. But although Lisette returned her an adoring love, even this in its turn became a fiery serpent, which stung her relentlessly—for was not this pure child loving her for what sprang from an impure source; and even should her words implant high principles within Lisette's mind, how would these very high principles revolt with horror against her conduct, should time unveil her true motives and actions! She felt herself "a whited sepulchre," and loathed herself.

At length Angeline's illness arrived as a crisis in her mental conflict. An undefined dread lest the secret of her marriage, and the existence of her child, perhaps divulged in delirious wanderings, might, by some chance, unveil her own connexion with the history, impelled her to become Angeline's nurse. And here watching her with keen dread, through nights and days of illness, a great surprise awaited her—the softening of her own heart towards the patient sufferer, and the humbling of it before her Maker. She, for the first time, learned to appreciate the patient, meek, Christian resignation of the unerring unconscious before her upon what, for a long time, appeared her bed of death, and whose lips, moved by the delirious spirit within, poured forth unreservedly the uncomplained-of sufferings of years, her ceaseless yearning after husband and child, the many wounds which had bled unseen, the desolation of her solitary life at the *Manoir*, and the mortifications which she had daily undergone without a murmur, but which had each left their bitterness and pain behind. Mademoiselle learned likewise, with greater astonishment, that the despised dependant possessed a mind richly stored with varied knowledge, and even with abstruse learning, which she had acquired by long prosecuted and solitary study, secretly to prepare herself, she fondly hoped, upon some future day, as a more worthy and accomplished companion of her husband, whom, in her great humility, she placed both in excellence and learning infinitely above herself.

Thus, during Mademoiselle's watches beside Angeline's sick bed, after she had shed floods of penitent tears, and offered up earnest prayers for forgiveness and for guidance from the reader of all human hearts, a new and holier spirit had entered into her, and she solemnly vowed that should the opportunity ever arrive, she would confess all to the one whom she had thus cruelly tortured, pray for pardon, and henceforth devote herself to healing, with Heaven's blessing, the wounds she had inflicted. And now the time had arrived, could Angeline indeed forgive her, and seek to forget the past!

It was scarcely necessary for Mademoiselle to have asked this question. Angeline's sobs and words of love, forgiveness, sympathy, and unutterable joy had interrupted the relation many times, and I heard them embrace each other with the deepest emotion. It was evident that Angeline forgave Mademoiselle from the bottom of her heart; that no sting of jealousy disturbed the delight with which she heard Mademoiselle's encomiums of Legrand's great powers of mind and noble nature, and that her loving, gentle heart forgave freely all injustice to herself, dwelling rather with rapture upon the many kind acts which Mademoiselle's affection had prompted towards her husband and child. Her sole desire now, was to embrace Lisette.

A meeting between the mother and daughter was effected by Mademoiselle the following day, and in due time, the little girl was made acquainted with the delightful relationship which existed between Angeline and herself.

Hope wrought a more speedy cure within the heart of Angeline than any of the physician's nostrums, or even Mademoiselle's unwearying care, and within a few days she had again quitted her sick room. A happier life now opened to her. True it is that she pursued the daily routine of her monotonous duty in the old way, but a new spirit upheld and cheered her—the spirit of hope. Lightness came into her footsteps, and a soft bloom, and even a renewal of youthfulness, for a time overspread her gentle countenance.

Lisette was daily in the house, and received regular instruction from her mother, as well as from Mademoiselle, who also relieved Angeline of various of her household duties, in order that she should enjoy leisure for the discharge of this delightful task.

The little table in the corridor was covered in an afternoon with piles of books, brought from the late Monsieur Duprès' book-shelves, both for the instruction of the little girl, and also for the prosecution of Mademoiselle's studies in several languages, Angeline being her teacher. She had been her uncle's foreign correspondent at Havre, and was gifted with a peculiar aptitude in acquiring foreign tongues. Great was her pleasure in once more finding her talent of avail. Mademoiselle expressed her astonishment that Angeline should, possessing this lucrative gift, ever have sunk into the dependant situation in which she dwelt at the *Manoir;* and, someway, never appeared fully to comprehend her friend's reply, that the gnawing grief of her secret had fettered her, as it were, with hopelessness, and even had dragged her lower down into listless despair. "You, dear Virginie," she would say, "have an iron energy which would have cast off grief in action. For myself, I was strengthened to endure the inward struggle, but the outward was more than I could brave. My uncle knew that I was not fitted for a bustling, hard life out in the world, and by recommending me to the care of our distant relative, your mother, believed that he had provided me with a suitable home. And now that a merciful Providence has restored my child to me, given me so tender a friend in you, and, above all, once more inspired me with hopes of re-union some day with my husband, what greater blessing can I, indeed, require?"

Again month by month rolled on at the *Manoir* in its old monotony. The bond of friendship and love existing between Mademoiselle, Angeline and her child, giving, it is true, a new zest to their lives; but as time passed over, the shadow of "hope deferred" fell again, in all its gloom, upon the heart of the poor wife. No letter arrived from Legrand, except one received by Mademoiselle, shortly after Angeline's illness. It was written from Canada, was short, and full of anxiety regarding his wife and child. It spoke of letters sent to his wife, which, however, as no answers came to hand, he feared had never been received by her.

He conjured Mademoiselle to leave no means untried by which she could communicate with his wife, and send him tidings of all most precious to him in the world.

The letter was painful, being evidently written in great depression of mind. The last words spoke of the writer's determination, if possible, of returning to Europe, and daring all things in the attempt to bring away with him his wife and child, for he felt that they would even in poverty be happier together than thus separated and becoming the prey of despair.

Both Mademoiselle and Angeline dispatched letters immediately to the address given, but no tidings again reached them from Legrand. For months they lived in almost hourly expectation of receiving intelligence from him; perhaps even of seeing him arrive under some disguise. But month after month wore on, year after year rolled by, when gradually, after many fluctuations of hope and grief, through the weariness of deferred hope and the discipline of sorrow, the two friends became inured to the sad belief of Legrand's death.

Lisette was the sunshine and sustaining hope of this painful season. She unfolded more and more into a graceful and attractive girl, simple and refined in her habits, and endowed with a well-stored and cultivated mind, and a tender, pure heart, chastened into a more than usual power of sympathy, through contact with the constant grief of her mother and protectress.

Monsieur Eugene, of whom we have so long lost sight, having attained manhood, and completed his education at Caen, was sent by Madame Duprès to Paris, there to choose some attractive and wealthy heiress for his wife. But although supplied by his mother with numerous letters of introduction, he returned, much to Madame's displeasure, declaring that no one's attractions were to be compared to those of the simple-hearted, lovely, innocent little Lisette, and that if she would only consent to marry him he should consider himself the richest and happiest of men.

The whole household, with the exception of Madame, rejoiced greatly at this declaration, and Mademoiselle and Angeline secretly strengthened Monsieur's determination by their warm partisanship. After several stormy interviews with Madame, Monsieur Eugene at length carried the day, and obtained from her a reluctant consent to his union with Lisette.

Madame, though long since informed of Lisettes's connexion with her dependant, and of her father being a man of birth, had continued to treat her presence with the same utter indifference as upon her first arrival at the *Manoir*, until the astounding announcement of her son's determination to make her his wife, filled the old lady with indignation impossible to describe.

When her storm of anger had blown somewhat over, and she had again subsided into her usual avocations, Monsieur Eugene commenced his preparations for the marriage, and in the course of the summer the great event took place. Papa performed the ceremony, informing all present, both before and after, that if they would only have listened to him ten years ago, he could then quite well have informed them of all the events that had since occurred, because he had seen them all quite clearly in his dream, as he now perceived, though all was shown to him figuratively. Yes, yes, they might smile, but he knew quite well what he was talking about, and was not quite foolish, he could tell them, for he had been present at a great marriage festival in his dream, and had eaten some of the oddest dishes at the feast that ever were invented. Well, it was no use attempting to describe them, for they were all figurative. And he could tell them, too, that there was an arrival of a traveller in his dream, which caused much astonishment at the marriage feast—*that*, no doubt, was also a symbol. It prefigured, of course, the surprise which they all experienced at the happy termination of their great anxiety regarding Madame's opposition.

We all smiled more than ever at the innocent fancies of Papa when he thus gravely reverted to his often mentioned dream. But even uncle, who often had joked the good old gentleman upon his "dreaming of dreams," was the first to give him all credit in one instance of prophetic vision, if not of the power of interpretation; for upon our return from the church, an unexpected stranger, whose presence indeed caused great astonishment, was found to have arrived at the *Manoir* by the stage-coach during our absence.

As the bridal-party entered the drawing-room, open, of course, upon this important day, a tall, gray-haired, care-worn gentleman, was seen in conversation with Madame, who rose with unusual ceremony and graciousness to present him to the company. But there was no need of introduction, for, with the deepest emotion, the stranger was recognized instantaneously by Angeline and Mademoiselle.

The opportune arrival of M. Legrand upon this important day, removed the one drop of bitterness in the joyful cup of the young bride and bridegroom. Madame Duprès, although she had given her consent to the union, had never ceased in public and private to comment upon it with bitterness, and in painful and disparaging terms. The high-born manners of Legrand, and the fact that he was now returned from exile in a position to reclaim his property, together with the discovery made by the old lady, that his mother, who was of high aristocratic descent, had been well known to her in her early life at court, had wrought a marvellous change in her views regarding the marriage, and she could not sufficiently speak in praise of her charming daughter-in-law.

It would require pages to relate the joy of this unexpected return, which converted the festival into that of a double wedding, as it were, or to explain the mysterious circumstances connected with Monsieur Legrand's arrest, seven or eight years previous, when on his return from Canada to France, and his detention since that time in a distant penal settlement; suffice it therefore to say, that at the present time the old *Manoir* is no longer inhabited by the Duprès, though still belonging to them. After the decease of Madame Duprès, Katrine married no other than her old and constant suitor, Louis, who rents the *Manoir* and its land, being now quite a man of substance. Uncle, hale and hearty, lives still at the Golden Lion, where the passing of the stage-coach, as in former days, forms again the chief event of interest.

Monsieur Eugene and his wife have purchased an estate in a more fertile neighborhood farther inland, where his crops and admirable farming elicit the admiration of agricultural *connoisseurs* far and near. Monsieur is devoted to scientific farming in various branches, and his machine for mowing received the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition. Death is still alive, though sobered by the weight of years, and is now the favorite steed, well fed, and well cared for, of Monsieur and Madame Eugene's three blooming little girls.

I am at the present time living at Berlin, where, for some months, Monsieur and Madame Legrand, and my beloved mistress, Mademoiselle Virginie, are sojourning. They are here for literary research required in the completion of Monsieur Legrand's forthcoming work upon the prospects of Europe. Madame Legrand acts as her husband's amanuensis. Mademoiselle is much occupied with her own literary engagements. She has never published any work with her name, but several anonymously, and often have she and her friends smiled when they have seen her books publicly attributed to Monsieur Legrand, and pronounced to be his most successful and perfected labors, just presented as an experiment in the less practical and more imaginative form of poetry and fiction.

We are all looking forward next spring to our return to France, where political changes will now permit Monsieur Legrand to reside, and have induced him to purchase an estate near that of his son-in-law.

NEWS ITEMS.

Professor Nichol writes to the Northern Daily Mail, contradicting emphatically the report that the late Mr. George Combe was the author of the "Vestiges of Creation;" he attributes the report to the *Critic*, and asserts there is no truth in it whatever; the *John Bull* remarks, in reference to this, that therefore, Lady Lovelace, Lord Brougham, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Chambers, and others, are not yet "cleared of the imputations of writing this mysterious, but shallow book; possibly, the damaging exposures of the scientific blunders contained in it, by Professor Sedgwick in the *Edinburgh Review*, may help to account for the closeness with which the secret has been kept." It is surmised by some, that the work was the joint production of several, of whom Combe was one.

At the recent burial of the King of Dahomey, in Africa, 800 negroes, mostly prisoners, were sacrificed.

Mortality Among Cattle.—Some of the farmers in adjoining counties, says the Harrisburg Patriot, have lost a good many cattle by a malignant disease, very unusual here, but prevalent in the West. It commences with a fever, which lasts from five to nine hours, and then is followed by a chill, which continues from four to six hours. After this, mortification ensues and the cattle die.

Detroit, April 12.—The great billiard match between Michael Phelan, of New York, and Mr. Seereiter, of this city, was won this morning, by Phelan, by ninety-six points. The match was for stakes of $10,000, $5,000 being put up by each party. The first winner of two thousand points was to be the winner of the stakes. The longest run made in the course of the play was by Phelan, who scored one hundred and fifty-seven.

No less than two new first class theatres are to be erected in Philadelphia; one we have already mentioned, which is for a German company in the North-Eastern section of the city, will undoubtedly be built, and be quite a feature. The other is more pretentious in character. Under a charter just granted by the Legislature, a company has been organized to build a grand metropolitan theatre, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars. Who says that times are hard. Our Academy of Music cost three hundred thousand, but this new concern will be a trifle ahead of it.

The report of the recent marriage of Madame Garzaniga to Mr. Albites, the music teacher, is without foundation. On her late visit to Havana, Madame Garzaniga's husband died. He was a Sardinian nobleman, Count Malespina by name. One boy, now seven years old, was their only child, and to Italy Garzaniga is speedily going to join this little son.

The Wanderer's Africans.—*Savannah, April* 15.—In the U. S. District Court a true bill has been returned against Charles Lamar, R. F. Aitken, John F. Tucker, and others, charged with holding the Africans landed from the slaver Wanderer. The Court has adjourned till Friday next.

The Oberlin Slave Rescuers.—*Cleveland, April* 13.—The trial of Bushnell, charged with the rescue of the slave John, at Oberlin, before the U. S. District Court, has resulted in a verdict of guilty. This is the first of the trials under the writs of indictment found against the parties implicated in the rescue. His sentence has not been pronounced.

The New York Court of Appeals Decision in the Anti-Rent Case.—*Albany, N. Y., April* 15.—The Court of Appeals has unanimously decided the famous Anti-Rent case against the tenants. This decision, it is supposed, will settle the long-existing difficulties.

A correspondent of The Hartford Times, writing from San Ricardo, Cuba, February 28, says: "A gentleman named Buchanan was in Cardenas a few days since, and the Spaniards, on learning his name, crowded around, staring at him as if he were some wild animal, and some asked if he had really come to buy the island."

A Miss Way advertises in the New Orleans papers that she will debate Women's Rights with a Kentucky lawyer in that city, after which she will make a grand balloon ascension from Congo Square. Miss Way's way seems to be a queer way.

The Washington Union.—The ownership of this journal having passed into the hands of Geo. W. Bowman, Esq., its name has been changed to that of "The Constitution."

Wheat from Europe.—This seems a strange perversion of the proper and natural current of trade, but we have advices, by last steamer, of shipments of this article to our port. A lot of eight or nine thousand bushels, on its way from Liverpool, is now offered for sale by samples, and will probably pay a good freight.

Secession of a Congregation from the Church of England.—A meeting of the members and seat-holders forming the congregation of Saint George's Temporary Church, London, was held recently, to consider what steps should be taken consequent on the refusal of the incumbent to nominate to the ministry of St. George's the Rev. Henry Hampton, formerly of St. James's Church, in that town, for whose use the building had been erected. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the present state of the ecclesiastical law is not only oppressive, but opposed to the intelligence of the age, and requires amendment to enable a congregation to exercise some voice in the nomination or appointment of their minister; and that the necessity has arisen for a free Church of England, whereby the wishes of a congregation in the appointment of a minister may be legally attained without any departure from the forms of the Book of Common Prayer. Arrangements were also made for registering the building as a free church.

Paris Fashions.—Even in high places the noisy riot goes on. At the Palace, at the Ministries, noble ladies in flesh-colored coverings represent half clothed Bacchantes with flowing bowls and festive songs, Venuses with voluptuous poses and amorous jests, false Vestals outraging the memory of their ancestors, and Dianas more resembling her of Poitiers than that other one of the woods. The same noble ladies seek costumes in which the charms of their person can be most exposed. The shoulder piece of a soiree dress, that last vestige of modesty; that transparent bit of muslin that stood allegorically between decency and a blush, have disappeared, and dresses have been seen in public places cut horizontally across from arm-pit to arm-pit; leaving the entire arm and shoulder absolutely free.—*Paris Corres. of the N. Y. Times.*

THE SICKLES TRIAL.

We may condense the proceedings, [illegible] last, as follows: Mr. Graham, who opened for the defence, made a long and rather eloquent speech—able in parts, but incongruous as a whole—and burdened, and almost made ridiculous sometimes, with quotations from Shakspeare. He attempted to show, in the first place, that Mr. Sickles, in shooting Mr. Key, not only was not deserving of censure, but really did a praiseworthy act, for which he was entitled to the thanks of society—and, then, in the second place, that Mr. Sickles could not be brought in guilty, because he was insane when he did it. The testimony produced for the defence showed the provocation that Mr. Sickles had received, and bore upon the question of his excitement to the point of insanity. Among other things attempted to be introduced by Mr. Sickles's counsel, was the confession of Mrs. Sickles, obtained from her the night before the fatal Sunday. This paper goes into such disgusting details, that it is evident that it must have been written down from her husband's dictation—he asking questions, and she writing down her replies. That any man should have extracted such a confession from his wife, and the mother of his child—or that, having extracted it, he should have displayed it to the world, is one of the strongest evidences of insanity that we have seen in the case. Even to save his life he should not have done it—and it was not necessary to save his life, because the fact of the unlawful connection could have been as well proved in other ways, and if proved by Mrs. Sickles, a general confession of criminal intimacy in two lines, was all sufficient. We do not see, further, how any lady could write such a confession, under any circumstances.

In the course of Thursday's proceedings, some harsh language passed between Mr. Ould, the District Attorney, and Mr. Stanton, one of the counsel for the prisoner. The latter accused Mr. Ould of thirsting for Mr. Sickles blood, which he denied, saying he was determined, however, to perform his duty. There has been some talk of a duel—but that would be curious on the part of a minister of justice. Mutual explanations probably will be made. Nothing, save the confession above alluded to, has been brought out yet, with which the public were not already acquainted. The case seems to be rather badly managed for the defence—so that people in this part of the world are beginning to think that Mr. Sickles would have done better by remembering the old proverb about the ability of "a Philadelphia lawyer." The sympathies of the audience, however, are evidently with the defence—and that would seem to indicate the feelings of the jury.

A Silent Couple.—There floated about the papers a story of a Cincinnati couple, who had not exchanged a word during twenty years of married life. They were not mutes, however. The Baltimore Despatch tells of a similar instance:

The parties were wealthy and highly respectable. They had a numerous family of children, who had grown up, and were all in flourishing circumstances, and troops of grandchildren, who frequently visited them. They were falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and were both tottering to the tomb at the age of nearly eighty; but, though they had lived under the same roof, eaten at the same table, entertained the same friends, received together the frequent visits of their children and grandchildren, they had not interchanged a word for forty years.

To almost every one the cause was a mystery, and an impenetrable one, for neither husband nor wife would bear from any person the slightest allusion to the subject. Yet there was one, an old servant, almost as old as her master and mistress, who did know, but she kept the secret faithfully. It was whispered, however, that jealousy was the cause. The husband had found in the possession of his wife some letters from a former suitor, which she had heedlessly, perhaps thoughtlessly, preserved. Impetuous and unjust accusations followed. The indignant wife told her jealous husband she'd never speak to him again, but for the sake of her children would not leave him. She kept her word with persistent obstinacy, and he followed the same course.—They appeared absolutely indifferent to each other's existence.

At length the old man died. The wife had not come near him in his last sickness, and she even came not to look upon his corpse until they were about closing the coffin, and bearing him from the house in which they had dwelt so singularly together for nearly half a century, when, with a firm though feeble step, she entered the room, walked to the coffin, gazed a few moments at his features, now motionless in death, and without a word, a tear, or even the shadow of an expression on her wrinkled face, went back again, unassisted, to her apartment. The funeral took place, and during the absorbing proceedings of the time, she was left alone. After the funeral cortege had departed, and was out of sight, the old servant repaired to the room of her mistress. She noticed she was sitting very still in her chair, looking apparently out of the window. Seeing her continue motionless, she spoke to her, but there was no answer. She went to her—she was dead!

Mesmerism.—Dr. Esdaile, a celebrated mesmerist, died recently in England, aged 50. An English paper says of him: "In 1837, the facts of Mesmerism began to be copiously presented to the British public, and reported in the newspapers and medical journals. They attracted his attention; he examined the matter experimentally, and, becoming assured of its truth, he devoted himself to its study. His first results were published in the *Indian Medical Journal*, for June, 1845. His first trial was casual. On seeing a felon in agony after a surgical operation, he thought he would try to mesmerize the poor creature, who knew not what the process meant and yet presently exhibited the very phenomena which he witnessed in England. After this, Dr. Esdaile performed a very large number of surgical operations—some of them absolutely gigantic—without pain. Enormous tumors are common in India, and Dr. Esdaile cut them away by wholesale, and with perfect success, the patient knowing nothing about the matter till, on awakening, they saw their tumors lying upon the floor. A mesmeric committee was appointed by Government, to investigate his facts.—He satisfied them, and was placed at the head of a Mesmeric Hospital. After his return from India, where he spent many years, he lived in privacy, first in Scotland, and ultimately in Sydenham."

A Sickles Case in Madison.—We learn from a gentleman from Madison, Ind., that the inhabitants of that city were thrown into a state of excitement by a lamentable affair occurring on Saturday night last. It appears that for some time past, a citizen engaged in the saddlery business, had entertained suspicions of the virtue of his wife, and resolved to satisfy himself in regard to the matter. Accordingly, on Saturday last, he informed his family that he should leave in the evening for Cincinnati.—About 9 o'clock, however, he returned unexpectedly to his home, and found his worst fears realized. A neighbor of his, who was possessed of considerable means, was the intruder. The injured husband found the guilty couple in bed, and without an instant's delay, he drew a revolver and shot the seducer dead. He then left the house and gave himself up to the authorities.—*Cincinnati Times, April* 11.

The jury in the libel suit of Edwin Forrest against N. P. Willis, in the Court of Common Pleas, New York, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of $500.

Not Very Cheering But Pretty True.—The Hon. A. B. Longstreet, the President of the South Carolina College at Columbia, gave to the graduating class of that institution a not very cheering prospect of the world on which they were about to enter, when in his farewell address he thus addressed them:

"You are embarking upon a strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Belisarius, of Antony and Calphas, is still in the world—greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times to be depressed by your friends, condemned for your patriotism, and to be rewarded for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters from those from whom you had a right to expect better things."

The French Drama Satirizing War.—The last new play at the *Gymnase Theatre*, at Paris, has a significant [illegible] pause of silence, which invariably "brings down the house." The hero is a devotee of Bacchus, who, when about to risk his life with [illegible] desperate experiment in carbonic acids, is successfully interrupted by his servant. The [illegible] happens to be one of Napoleon's old soldiers; and he says to his master, as he [illegible] hazarding so much for [illegible] reproves him for thus

"We, at least, when [illegible] risked our lives at Wagram and Austerlitz, knew what it was for!"

"And what was it for?", replies the man of science.

The utter blank which necessarily follows that question is represented by the dumbfounded silence of the old soldier.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression which we have noticed in the Flour market for many weeks past still continues. The sales for export reach 5000 bbls at $6,12½@6,25 ₱ bbl for good superfine; $6.25@6,37½ for common and good extras, and $6,62½@6,75 for extra family, including 150 bbls Brandywine at $6,50. The home trade have been to a fair extent from first hands at our lowest quotation up to $7,50 for superfine and extra family. Rye Flour has been in better demand, and 400 bbls sold at $4,25. Corn Meal has been in steady request at last week's quotations. Sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $3,87½; 250 bbls Brandywine at $4,12½; and 400 hhds do on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There has been a steady demand for Wheat for milling, and with light receipts holders have been enabled to realize former prices. Sales of 12,000 bus at $1,50@1,58 for common and prime red, and $1,60@1,70 for white. Rye has come forward rather more freely, and prices have again declined. Sales of 5000 bus Penna, mostly at 85c. Corn has come forward very slowly, both by railroad and water. There has been a steady demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 10,000 bus yellow at 87@88c for prime lots afloat and in store, closing very quiet at 87c, including 1000 bus damaged at 78@80c, and 400 bus white at 80c. Oats are dull and lower. Sales of 9000 bus Southern and Penna at 50@51c, closing dull at 51½@52c.

PROVISIONS—The market has been very quiet for all descriptions. The demand for Mess Pork has been limited, and the sales have been only in small lots at $18½ ₱ bbl for Mess. There is a steady demand for Beef, except for ship stores, and we continue our former quotations. We quote Hams at $15½, and Western at $14. Bacon is unchanged; small sales at 10½@12½c ₱ lb, on time, for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10½c for Sides, and 8c for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats are in limited supply, but the demand is moderate; sales of pickled Hams at 10@10½c, on time; do in pickle at 9½@9½c; sides at 9@9½c, and Shoulder at 8c ₱ lb, 60 days. Lard—The receipts and stocks are small, but the demand is limited, and prices lower. Sales of bbls and tcs at 12c, and kegs at 12½@13c ₱ lb, cash and on time. Butter—There is a fair demand for Roll at 17@23c ₱ lb, as to quality, but Solid Packed is dull. 30,000 lbs Ohio, the latter, Ohio and Pennsylvania, sold at 19c on time. Eggs are selling at 12½@13c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There was a fair demand early in the week, but since, the market has been quiet, and at the close prices were rather drooping. Sales of 1500 bales at 12½@13½c ₱ lb, cash, for low grades and middling fair Upland, and 12½@14½c for Georgia, including samples at 12@12½c.

BARK—Of Quercitron Bark the stock is now very much reduced, and the only sales reported are 44 hhds No 1 at $33, and 20 hhds common at $30 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark and none offering.

BEESWAX continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 37@38c, and White at 58c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The receipts are increasing. The market continues quite unsettled, and the few casual sales effected have been at very irregular rates. Sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,15@3,25 ₱ ton, and Red Ash at $3,25@3,37½ ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond. Lehigh Coal is selling at Reading at $3,37½. No sales of Bituminous Coal.

COPPER is dull; in the absence of sales we quote English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

COFFEE—The market continues quite bare, and the stocks in first hands are about exhausted. Sales by private contract of 2000 bags Rio, part at 11½@12c, and part on private terms. Small lots of Laguayra at 11½@12c, and 100 bags Trinidad at 8½c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are very dull. Sales of good Western at 46c ₱ lb, on time.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are very dull, and 150 bags sold at 8½@8½c ₱ lb, which is a decline. Peaches are selling slowly at 8@12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 15@17c for pared. A sale of 150 bags Cream Nuts at 2½c ₱ lb.

HEMP is quiet. There is no stock here, and none wanted.

HIDES are in demand, and there is very little stock of Foreign in first hands. No sales.

HOPS continue to meet a limited inquiry. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 12@18c, and old at 4@7c ₱ lb.

IRON—The Iron market is extremely quiet for Pig Metal, but there appears no disposition to accept lower rates. Sales of 500 tons Anthracite, Nos 1 and 2, at $24 and $23 ₱ ton, 6 mos. A sale of Charcoal Forge at $30 ₱ ton, 6 mos. A lot of 300 tons Northern Blooms brought $40 cash, and 300 tons Long Swamp Charcoal cold blast wheel Iron were sold on terms kept secret. Scotch Pig Iron is lower. In Rails, Bars and Boiler Iron there are no changes to report.

LEAD is very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER, of prime quality, continues scarce and in demand at full prices.

LUMBER meets a good demand, and the tendency of prices is in favor of sellers. White Pine shipping Boards are very scarce and wanted. Two cargoes of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $15,50@16 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, but without change in prices. A cargo of clayed Matanzas was sold at 25c; a deck load of Muscovado at 31c, on time; 150 hhds Muscovado at 29c; 100 bbls N Orleans at 40½@41c; and a lot of damaged do, by auction, at 37½c.

SEEDS—There is less Cloverseed offering, but the demand is limited; sales of 400 bus at $5,12½@5,50 ₱ 64 lbs, and some from second hands at $5,75. Timothy is worth $2,25, and Flaxseed at $1,75 ₱ bus.

SUGAR—The market is very dull, but without change in prices. Sales of 300 hhds New Orleans at 7½@7¾c, and 50 hhds damaged by auction at 5½@7¼c ₱ lb, cash.

SPIRITS—In foreign Brandy and Gin the transactions have been limited at previous rates. N E Rum commands 36@38c. Whiskey is rather firmer. Sales of Ohio bbls at 26@26½c; 500 Penna do at 25½@26c; hhds at 25@25½c; and drudge at 24@24½c.

TALLOW is scarce. Small sales of City rendered at 10½c, and Country at 10½c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO is steady at previous rates, but the demand has been limited for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The receipts and stocks are light, and there has been very little doing, no manufacturers manifest an indifference about operating until after the new clip commences to come forward. Sales of 70,000 lbs from 46 to 58c ₱ lb, cash, for common and fine.

RAT CATCHING IN PHILADELPHIA.

That "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives" is an old saying, of whose truth we were never more convinced than on yesterday. While exploring among the improvements of West Philadelphia we encountered an odd looking genius, with a cage upon his back, containing a dozen or two of plethoric and full grown rats. They were the fruits of a night's labor at the stables of the West Philadelphia Railroad Co. The rat catcher informed us that he is the proprietor of a pit, in which regular exhibitions of rat fighting are given three times a week. The average consumption of rats in this pit is about a hundred and fifty per week. The catcher knows all the spots in the city—where rats are most abundant, and there are his traps regularly set on every night in the year. His best results are obtained at the breweries, the livery stables, and around the old and dilapidated quarters of the city. He boards every foreign ship immediately upon her arrival, and during the first night generally captures every rat that finds a harbor among its timbers. Sometimes as many as a hundred are caught on a single night from one vessel. The visit of the rat catcher on board a newly arrived ship is generally met with a hearty welcome; the sailors—if they remain on board—entering into the sport with all the gusto of so many school boys on a chipmunk hunt!

The mode of catching the rats is by means of a patent trap of large size and most ingenious construction. It was invented by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary. It is an oblong box, open at both ends, and baited with roasted cheese, sprinkled with oil of carroway. Mr. Rat smells the delicious bait and walks in. As he does so, he treads upon a sliding trap; this lets him down into a grated apartment, and then resumes its former position to accommodate the next customer. A trap of this kind is made at each end of the box. One rat having entered, the box is soon filled, and when the exulting rat catcher visits his trap, he is almost certain of having a satisfactory spoil. When the stock on hand becomes large, our rat catcher deposits the surplus in a suitable receptacle, ready for use when wanted. Sometimes he has on hand a thousand at a time. They are fed meanwhile upon dead pigs, or whatever offal of the sort may be procurable, and the speed with which they will convert such a carcase into a polished skeleton, should be seen to be fully understood. Frequently, an order is received from New York for a supply of "good, lively rats," regardless of price, and in such case the rat catcher often finds it more profitable to forego the engagements of his own pit, and forward his game elsewhere. Our informant assures us that he received $50 a week or two ago for an equal number of rats, and that the purchaser never expended money with less reluctance than in perfecting the bargain. What renders the matter the more noteworthy is that the entire fifty rats referred to were taken on a single night, in a culvert in the vicinity of Walnut street wharf.

Our rat catching genius informed us that he had secured four assistants, and was about to devote his whole attention for some days to the market hovels, as soon as they are removed. He has a number of Scotch terriers trained to capture rats without breaking their bones, and with the aid of these and his traps his anticipation is that he will secure a very large lot of his peculiar game when the pavement of the hovels is torn up. The rat catcher's apparatus is now at a tavern in the vicinity of the new Western Market house. By reading the papers the rat catcher has learned that the shanties in that vicinity will be removed on Friday, or thereabouts, and is ready to annihilate the muscine species who have burrowed there from time immemorial. Mr. Catcher says that, in this vicinity, unless he bags two thousand rats, he shall be greatly disappointed. It is altogether likely that his expectations are not at all extravagant, as the ground beneath the hovels is fairly riddled with rat holes, and the family has enjoyed entire immunity from capture ever since the shanties were first erected.

In Paris, if we read correctly, rat skins are converted into "kid" gloves. If this be the case, why could not the business of rat catching be rendered profitable for other purposes than that of making matches for dogs to kill? Our rat catching genius, whom we yesterday encountered, informs us that he is the owner of two good brick houses, a building that he rents out for a feed store at $350, and has, besides, about $4,000 invested in stocks, and all accumulated by the business of catching rats. This business he has followed from childhood, having been taught its mysteries by his father, who was a Scotch rat catcher. We took the pains to verify his statement, believing it at first to be apocryphal, but found it strictly true.

After this, we shall never again doubt that one-half the world lives in blissful ignorance as to the mode of existence pursued by the other half.—*North American.*

An Incident of the Sickles Trial—Excessive Bad Taste of Certain Ladies.—A Washington correspondent says:—"A striking demonstration of female sentiment here took place last night, when George Sickles, father of the prisoner, was surprised by a visit at his hotel of some twenty ladies, who came in a body to express their sympathy for his son, and to say that if he thought it would give any comfort to the accused they would daily present themselves, with many more, at the Court House. The person at the head of the deputation was a venerable woman of some threescore years, and she used the strongest expressions of commiseration for the prisoner. 'We demand his discharge,' she said, 'on behalf of our sex. Let him be convicted, and the libertine obtains new license. Let him be vindicated, and virtue requires new guarantee.'

"Mr. Sickles, Sen., made a feeling acknowledgment in reply to this novel but touching display of good and virtuous sentiment by ladies in this community. He said he would not take upon himself the responsibility of answering their inquiry, but he would make known to his unfortunate son this spontaneous act of sympathy by a band of noble women, and he was sure it would be most grateful to his feelings."

Weather Prediction.—A correspondent of the Scientific American, named J. Royal, of White Rock, Illinois, furnishes that paper with the following weather prediction. He professes to be able to foretell the weather one year in advance for any locality where there is an almanac calculated. Here is the prophecy:—"The first half of April will be wet, the last half fair; the first week in May will be wet, the balance fair; the first half of June will be fair, the last half changeable; July will begin and end with a few days of changeable weather, leaving the middle of the month dry; August will have a great many wet days; September will set in fair, but the balance of the month will be changeable, the last part being wettest. October, changeable, gradually increasing to wetness; November, like the preceding, only commencing fairer and ending wetter; December, fair weather." On this, we are told, we may rely, with the exception of September, where there has "to be added the extra stormy weather, caused by the sun crossing the lines." This truly depends on the prevailing winds at the time; if the winds be southerly, the month will be wet; if northerly, it will be as dry as if the sun were at his extreme distance from the line.

At a late fancy-ball at Paris, appeared one of the greatest belles of society, dressed as "Diplomacy." She had the double mask of Janus, one side of her head smiling and the other frowning. She had a pen in one hand and a bucklan in the other. Then she danced a curious new dance, called the *Ultimatum*, which consists of taking one step forward and two backward!

The Old Wife and the New.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times says:—The promenader of the Champs Elysees must have observed lately at one of the upper windows of the house of M. Emile de Girardin, and with the face presented to the street, the bust of his late wife, the regretted Delphine Gay; and perhaps the promenader does not know the history of this bust, or the reason why it is thrust into the garret, and, worse still, with its face to the public of the street. Madame de Girardin I., the most loved authoress and woman of modern times in France, died a few years ago, and a twelvemonth afterwards was replaced at the fireside of the house in the Champs Elysees by the young and beautiful Countess of Tieffenbach—Madame de Girardin II.

At the time of the second marriage, the bust of the first wife was found in one of the conjugal apartments of the house. It was judged proper to move it into the library of Monsieur. But as it happened that, during the first quarters of the honeymoon, Madame came often to surprise her husband in the midst of his grave studies, the statue found means to escape to the bed-chamber of Monsieur, and installed itself there. But there, although safe from the view of the young wife, it did not fail to provoke in the mind of the husband souvenirs and comparisons which the beauty and the youth of number two could not always combat victoriously. It was thought often to carry it into some new exile, but where? was the question. The garret was proposed, but it was so cold, so far from the fireside! Besides, there was more than one's own feelings to be compromised with; malignity of the visitors must be counted on. However, the bust was exiled to the garret, and there it now stands with its back on the inmates of the house where its living resemblance reigned a queen, and its face towards that public in whose heart her memory has found a safe refuge.

But M. de Girardin's embarrassments do not stop here. Lately a distinguished artist of this city gave him notice that he had just finished for the forthcoming annual Artists' Exhibition a bust in marble of Madame de Girardin I., and invited the celebrated publicist to come and see it. You can understand the embarrassment of the husband in thus learning that the first bust was now complicated with a second. However he went to see it. He gazed upon it a long time, for he found it a remarkable resemblance as well as a *chef d'œuvre* of art. It was the same incomparable woman who, during fifteen years, suffered his pains, shared his abuse, lived in his struggles, and triumphed in his victories. He went in presence of this almost breathing impersonation, and now, it is said, that when his political or financial combinations fail, when his aspirations meet a reverse, or his wife has a caprice, he starts on a pilgrimage to the studio of the artist, to complain to the other, and to seek consolation under the influence of her benignant smile. So true it is that there is nothing like goodness and talent to attach us to the memory of the dead.

A Singular Story.—Antiquaries and connoisseurs have been recently discussing a subject, which, if true, must prove of the highest interest to the entire civilised world. This is no less than the discovery of a brass plate on which is engraved in Hebrew, what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ," and which is word for word as follows:—

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers; as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove: 1. Jesus is a misleader; 2. He has excited the people to sedition; 3. He is an enemy to the laws; 4. He calls Himself the Son of God; 5. He calls Himself falsely the King of Israel; 6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders the first centurian, Quirilius Cornelius, to bring Him to the place of execution. Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are—1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes."

On the reverse of the plate are inscribed the words, "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." The plate was originally discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aguill, in the kingdom of Naples, where it remained until it was found by the commissaries of art in the French army in Italy; the French translation was made literally by members of this commission, and a *fac-simile* of the plate was engraved, which was eventually bought by Lord Howard for 2,890 francs. The statement is derived from the "Kolnische Zeitung," one of the most honorable and powerful journals to be found in Germany, and is therein put forward in all good faith. Even from such a source, however, it must be received with doubt, when one considers the facility with which such a story could be fabricated, the difficulty of tracking its origin, and the temptation held out by the enormous sale which duplicates and photographic reproductions of the plate would undoubtedly find. It is to be trusted that some antiquary of undeniable position will take the matter in hand.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

☞ Reflection by an Irish Lover.—It is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

☞ "Mr. Timothy," said a young lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

☞ No race in this country will be despised which makes money. If we had in Boston or New York ten ourang outangs with a million of dollars each, they would visit in the best society; we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner parties. —*Christian Examiner.*

☞ It is said, that at sight of the Apollo, the human body insensibly dilates, and takes a prouder attitude. So, in the contemplation of a noble life, the soul should feel itself exalted and made more glorious yet.—*Emile Souvestre.*

☞ What is a Coquette?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning: more charm of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.—*Longfellow.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 18.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour buoyant—sales of 16,000 bbls at $5.20@5.50. Wheat firm: sales unimportant. Corn very dull at 83@87c for yellow; mixed nominal at 83@84c. Pork heavy at $16,87½; $17 for Mess, and $12,50 for Prime. Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 28½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
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HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 23 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
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J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—31 head I Abrahams, Cumberland co, 9¼@10¼; 42 McQuaid, Mooney & Co, Lancaster co, 10¼@10¾; 31 D Miller, by McQuaid & Co, Ohio, 10¼@11¼; 29 S Rhodes, Berks co, 10@10¼; 11 W Fuller, Fayette co, 11@11½; 14 McCloes & Kennedy, Chester co, 10@11½; 13 Milegan, Mifflin co, 9@10; 11 B Young, Bucks co, 10¾@11. Sheep—5000 Sheep arrived, and sold from 6@7¼c ₱ lb, gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—31 head Rhineholts, Lancaster co, 10¼@12; 22 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 10¼@11½; 9 T Gillespie, Phila co, 10; 48 Kimble & Kick, Chester co, 10¼@11½; 2 Lukens, do, inferior, 4c gross; 40 B Hood, do, 10@11.

THE APPETITES.

It is a very difficult matter with the majority of persons to restrain their appetites; hence we see an abundance of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and Disorders of the Stomach and Digestive Organs. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will entirely cure these complaints, and restore the system to its original vigor and strength. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines, at 75 cents per bottle.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—Every mother and housekeeper must often act as a family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases, I have used Davis's Pain Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhœa, it has been used and effected cures. For cuts and bruises it has been invaluable.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

IT "MINISTERS TO A MIND DISEASED."—Dyspepsia and its concomitant evils, result in bodily as well as mental suffering. The Oxygenated Bitters in restoring the digestive organs to perfect health, restores the mind to its natural vigor.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On third-day, the 12th instant, according to the order of the Society of Friends', Robert K. Eastburn, of this city, to Miriam Ivins, of Bristol, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. Robert McCutcheon, to Miss Ann Douglas, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. William A. Fish, of Bristol, Rhode Island, to Mrs. Margaret W. Braddock, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Mr. Andrew Oliver, to Miss Kate, daughter of Lewis H. Doblebower, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. Henry Muhlow, to Miss Dora Gamble, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, Mr. John W. Lycett, to Miss Mehriban Hughes, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mann, Mr. George Leubsen, Esq., of Germany, to Miss Hannah Leaper, of Salem, N. J.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. John Bennet, to Miss Sarah M. Taylor, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday, April 2d, at the residence of Isaac Newton, Jr., Ridley, Del. county, Pa., Charles Johnson, in his 84th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Mary, wife of Wm. K. Lippincott, aged 32 years.

On the 11th instant, Joseph Crowder, Sr. aged 64 years.

On the 12th instant, Thomas M. Carman, aged 58 years.

On the 11th instant, Harry G. Williams, aged 35 years.

On the 11th instant, John Leatherbury, aged 55 years.

On the 10th instant, Rhanonna, wife of James Christian, aged 28 years.

On the 10th instant, Lewis Debonnar, aged 57 years.

On the 9th instant, Jane Gordon, wife of Amos Stackhouse, aged 39 years.

On the 10th instant, Lawrence Grebnham, aged 27 years.

On the 9th instant, Henrietta C. wife of Dr. J. H. Wilson, aged 36 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 16, 1859.

Pennsylvania.	**Georgia.**
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Belief notes 4-10 dis	**South Carolina.**
New Jersey.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis	**Alabama.**
Delaware.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis	**Mississippi.**
Maryland.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	**Louisiana.**
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
New York.	**Ohio.**
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
Maine.	**Kentucky.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
New Hampshire.	**Indiana.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ½ dis
Vermont.	**Illinois.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
Connecticut.	**Missouri.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
Massachusetts.	**Tennessee.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2 dis
Rhode Island.	**Michigan.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
Virginia.	**Wisconsin.**
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 2½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.	**Texas.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
North Carolina.	**Canada.**
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	Solv bks 1 dis

FOR 50 CENTS I WILL SEND RECEIPTS for making Artificial Honey, Blake's Chemical Compound, Parke's Burning Fluid, Launder's Secret, Prof. Williamson's Corn and Wart Salve and Starch Polish. Address S. L. RAYMOND, P. M., Shaw's Point, Illinois.

A FORTUNE FOR $1.00.—I will send, for $1.00, a SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH in any water, as fast as you can pull them out. Address HIRAM R. BROWN, 1t Eastport, Maine.

300 AGENTS WANTED, to engage in a new, lucrative and honorable business. For particulars, address M. M. SANBORN, ap23-2t Brasher Falls, N. Y.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	—	94
Phila 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	65
Allegh City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	—	93½
" "	93½	94
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
" 5 " coupon	—	80½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104
Missouri 6 "	89	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	99½
Virginia 6 "	87	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	—
Penna	121	—
Far & Mec	60½	63
Commercial	53½	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	29½	28?
Southwark	69	—
P Township	38½	—
Kensington	58½	—
Girard	50½	51
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	43½	—
City	47	48
Consolidation	26½	27
Commonwealth	22½	22½
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	59	—
Exchange	36½	—
Kentucky Ky.	118	—
Northern "	—	131
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Planters "	—	109½
N O Gas Light	143	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	27½
Lehigh Zinc	11	11
New Creek	¼	—
New Grenada	¼	¾
N American Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	51
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	63
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101½	103
2nd " "	—	91
" stock		
Interest off	42½	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	97
" stock	122½	123
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	84	84½
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '58	75	75½
" stock	25½	25½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	91	—
" stock	42½	43
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	36½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	83	—
Ches Val R R 7s	41	43
Tioga R R 7s	—	95
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	72½
2d "	—	55½
stock	3½	4½
Catawissa	6½	8½
Beaver Meadow stock	28	29½
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penna R R stock	6½	8½
6 pr ct loan	65	65½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	51½	51½
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R	58½	60
Har and Lan R R stock	57½	57½
bonds '83	94	96
L. Schuylkil R R stock	20½	21
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	83½	—
Erie R R stock	9½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	75½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	67½	—
Michigan Southern	13½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct 1882	73½	74
imp. 6 pr ct	78½	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	19½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	25½	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	28½	—
Morris Canal'd	49	49½
preferred	105½	105½
Ches & Del bonds	41	—
Union "	77½	—
Susq & Tidewater bonds	3½	4½
bonds 1878	85	85½

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DRY GOODS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,
Have now open a choice assortment of
NEW SPRING GOODS,
Chiefly of their own importation, which they offer at the lowest prices at which goods of similar descriptions are sold in the city.

EVERY VARIETY
OF
PARIS DRESS GOODS,
SILKS, MOUSSELINES,
ORGANDIES, LAWNS, CHINTZES,
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&c., &c., &c.,
Will be found in complete and full assortment.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
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IF YOU ARE BALD, and wish a good head of HAIR, EYEBROWS, MOUSTACHE or WHISKERS grown quickly, or the color of your hair changed, inclose four stamps to Prof. BIRDSALL, New York P. O., and receive his valuable book, containing full instructions to accomplish these objects. ap23-3t

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I HAVE JUST BOUGHT 10,000 of the FIRST EDITION of the ABOVE WORK, and am prepared to fill all orders AT THE LOWEST WHOLESALE CASH PRICES. Address all orders to
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS or MOUSTACHES? If so, my ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily upon the smoothest face within six weeks after the first application, without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, free, to any address.
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COCOINE.
PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED
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This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

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No. 517, 407 and 197 Broadway, New York, where all letters will receive attention, and the article safely put up and sent. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.
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ap 23-tf

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From the "Delaware State Reporter."

THE

INVENTION OF SEWING MACHINES.

"Blessed be he who invented sleep," says the proverb; but, Blessed, rather, say we, be he who has rendered sleep possible to thousands of weary frames and aching heads by the Invention of the Sewing Machine. Aye, and the blessing has come already, if what we hear be true, that the poor, struggling mechanic, who for many years, amidst sorrow, pain and privation, brought out and perfected this idea, is now reaping an abundant harvest of honor and comfort, and enjoying a clear income of $90,000 per year. In looking over the columns of the "*Scientific American*," the "Patent Office Reports," and other publications which tell of the progress of discoveries and inventions, we are amazed at the vast amount of labor-saving machines which are constantly being introduced into every department in which men are engaged as workers, and are not less astonished to learn how very little has been done to render woman's toil lighter or more profitable. It is true indeed that a needle-threader claims the admiration of some, and a carpet-sweeper enjoys a degree of popularity with others; but the needle-threader (we are told by those who have used it,) takes longer to do its task than the fingers; and the sweeper, though it works very well in the middle of the floor, does, like an untidy housemaid, fail to find the dirt which lies under the edges of the carpet, or safely stowed away in the corners. In fact, the Sewing Machine is the only invention we know of that can, to any great extent, render woman's toil easier or more healthful. Yet, though this is known to all who think or read, it is astonishing how difficult it is to make husbands and fathers understand that women have any need of such an assistant in their daily labors. What enterprising farmer is there who does not take an interest in the patents for agricultural implements, and stint and save to procure them? And what enterprising farmer's wife does not remember the new worsted gown given up, and the warm winter cloak she has been obliged to forego, that "husband" might become the possessor, in the spring, of some new-fangled plough, or wonderful reaper, that is to do away with two-thirds of the labor and three-fourths of the time usually expended upon his meadows and fields.

We were recommending a short time since to a wealthy farmer the purchase of a Sewing Machine for his delicate and overtasked wife, who, in addition to her household matters had a family of ten to mend and make for, when he turned impatiently away, saying, that he had to go to the city to purchase new farming utensils, and could not afford even $50 for so foolish an affair; that his wife's fingers were as good sewing machines as he needed; they had served her well so far, and would continue to do so, if no one put nonsense in her head. All this and much more he said, and started for the city, bringing home when he came a model reaper, a new corn sheller, and last, not least, a pair of fancy fowls, price $40.

A year or two since a lady in Chester county, Pa., invented a butter-worker, a most efficient and complete affair. She exhibited it in the market, and farmers whose business it was to sell butter gathered around it, admired its speedy and skillful manner of doing work, agreed that it was a fine thing, but came to the conclusion, one and all, that their wives could work butter well enough to sell, and they desired nothing better. Excellent economists! profound calculators! it never occurred to them that human sewing machines and flesh-and-blood butter-workers were liable sometimes to give out and stand in need of repair and rest; that they, as well as all other machines, might be taxed beyond their strength, and that menders in the shape of physicians, might come in, whose little bills for medicines would be likely to exceed the price of one or more good, substantial Sewing Machines, or a half-dozen wooden butter-workers. Setting humanity and justice aside, and looking at the question in a business light merely, making slaves or machines of women does not pay.

We commenced this article not for the purpose of scolding husbands and fathers, but to impress upon them the injustice and selfishness of which they are guilty in withholding from their families almost the only article which they can procure for them, that will materially lighten and make pleasant to them one of the most fatiguing of their manifold domestic duties. Sewing Machines of the best make may now be procured at the low price of $50.00. There are some in the market to be had for $20 and $30.00, but those are worthless, and money spent upon them is thrown away. Of the three prominent Machines now before the public, we have used two and carefully watched the working of the third, and honestly believe GROVER & BAKER'S to be the very best we have seen. It is so simple in its construction that a child might learn to work it, and is equal in speed to any. There is no rewinding of cotton or silk, as it sews from the regular spools. It is readily kept in order, and the strength, beauty, and durability of the stitch cannot be excelled. This we have had the most satisfactory proof of, as we are now wearing garments which have been in active service for the last four years, in which the sewing remains as firm and perfect as when first performed. We have never had a seam to rip or give way.

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A COLLECTION OF SONGS AND BALLADS FOR THE VOICE ONLY.
Handsomely bound in Muslin. A unique and charming little volume. Price only 25 cts. Sent by mail, free of postage.
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THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL.
A new collection of Choice Hymns and Tunes, original and standard, carefully and simply arranged as Solos, Duets, Trios, Semi-Choruses and Choruses, and for Organ, Melodeon, or Piano. This book contains nearly 200 Hymns and Tunes, and is one of the best collections for Sabbath-Schools ever issued. Price 12 cents, $8 per hundred, postage 1 cent. Elegantly bound, 20 cents, $15 per hundred, postage 3 cents. Among the large number of new and popular tunes may be found "Kind Words can Never Die," "The Voice from Heaven," and "God is There." These were sung to some five thousand children and teachers at the Sunday School Celebration and United States Teachers' Convention at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, by the Misses Laura and Nettie Tremaine of Brooklyn, N. Y., and were highly appreciated. Nearly ten thousand copies have been sold within sixty days. They have been introduced into some of the largest schools in New York and Brooklyn. Among the number are Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Hutton's, Dr. Gillette's, and Dr. McLane's. Just published by
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In any water, as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address
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SOMETHING NEW.—Agents Wanted. Business honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from $18 to $30. Small capital required. No "humbug." For particulars, inclose stamp, and address A. B. MARTYN,
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Very respectfully,
ap16-3t TEASDALE & REID.

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CIRCULARS of "ADVICE HOW TO PROCURE PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS" are sent free by MUNN & CO., Editors of the Scientific American, upon application.
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WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-4f

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This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost ext

Wit and Humor

SELLING A DOG.—The following is as old as the hills, but our younger readers may not have seen it:—

Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which it cost as much to keep as two pigs would have done; and the dog, besides, was useless; nay, he was worse than useless, for, in addition to the expense of keeping, he took up house room, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog!" said she; "Mr. Lazybones, I do wish you would sell him, or kill him, or do something or other with him. He's more plague than his neck is worth, always lying in the chimney corner, and eating more than it would take to maintain three children; I wonder you will keep such a useless animal."

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I'll get rid of him one of these days."

This was intended as a mere get-off on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dinning in his ears about the dog, he was, at length compelled to take some action on the subject.

"Well, wife," said he, one day, as he came in, "I've sold Jowler.!'

"Have you, indeed!" said she, brightening up at the good news. "I'm very glad of it. How much did you sell him for, my dear?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! what! fifty dollars for that dog! How glad I am! That will buy us a good cow. But where's the money, my love?"

"Money!" said Dick, shifting his cigar lazily to the other corner of his mouth, "I didn't get any money! I took two puppies at twenty-five dollars apiece."

NEW BILL OF RIGHTS.—A wag has made up the following summary of what he calls the "Inalienable Rights of Americans," and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:—

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

To have wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and, in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

To put off upon hireling strangers the literary, moral, and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the Government, if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funerals of tenants, firemen, and others, killed by their fall, weeping over the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, public squares, broad streets, or ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

HIS YOUNGER DAYS.—Mr. T—— is a professor of music, well known in the West, where his musical abilities have given him considerable notoriety. It is also a notorious fact, that he has a particular love for "the bowl," and tippling seems to have become a second nature to him.

It is a common practice with him, when engaged at concerts, to step out during the performance of those parts where his services are not particularly required, and indulge his drinking propensities in the nearest saloon.

It happened one night, at a concert, that a raging thirst seized him as usual. As ill-luck would have it, he was needed to appear in the next piece, which would be in so short a time as not to allow of his leaving the building. He stepped into one of the side, or dressing-rooms, where he found Mr. S——, the owner of the hall. He inquired of Mr. S—— if he had anything to drink. Mr. S—— informed him that he could accommodate him with a glass of water. Mr. T—— hesitated a moment, and then, as if driven to desperation, he exclaimed:—

"Well, let's have it."

Mr. S—— handed him the water, which he drank; then returning the empty glass, he remarked, with a sigh:

"Mr. S——, that puts me in mind of my *younger days.*"

DID SHAKSPEARE STUDY LAW?—According to the Boston Post, this literary question, which is as old as Malone, was decided in Albany, on the authority of Shakspeare himself. When Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, had reported to the Albany Institute some investigations in the phenomena of the so-called "Spiritualism," Professor McCoy, of the Albany Law School, stated that during his first and only visit to a "medium," he put this question direct:—"*Shakspeare, did you ever study law?*" The answer was rapped out, by the "spiritual" alphabet, "Y-E-S." He then asked, "*With whom, and where!*" The reply was spelt out, letter by letter, as before, "D-A-V-I-D C-O-N-O-R, B-R-R-R-I-S-T-E-R." So that question may be considered settled.

A LONDONER'S H'S.—The other day Mr. Hadfield was speaking to Sir G. C. Lewis, who, adapting his discourse to his companion's *calibre*, remarked, "Very warm to-day, but the rough winds of March will play the deuce with our skins." "Yes," replied H., "as the Greeks said, we must beware of the Hides of March." Sir George (being a classical scholar) nearly fainted, but (being a patriot) supported himself into the lobby, and voted. But this is not the worst. Meeting another member on his way to the washing-rooms, H. said, "Ah, going to wash your conjunctions?" "My what!" asked the other senator, aghast. "Why, your Ands." We repeat it, something must be done.—*Punch.*

☞ THE MANNER OF GIVING.—Many give plentifully, and oblige no one.—*Racine.*

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE.

[We need hardly remind our readers of the Crosses erected by King Edward I. wherever his wife's corpse stopped on its way to interment at Westminster.]

Oh, fairer than vermillion,
Shed upon western skies,
Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
Girl, with the deep brown eyes—
As her happy heart grew firmer,
In the strange bright days of yore,
When she heard young Edward murmur,
"I love thee, Eleanore!"

Sweeter than musical cadence
Of the wind 'mid cedar and lime,
Is love to a timorous maiden's
Heart, in the fresh spring time;
Sweeter than waves that mutter
And break on a sinuous shore,
Are the songs her fancies utter
To brown-eyed Eleanore.

They twain went forth together
Away o'er the Midland Main,
Through the golden summer weather,
To Syria's mystic plain.
Together, toil and danger
And the death of their loved ones bore,
And perils from Paynim, stranger
Than death to Eleanore.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder
Soar high o'er the vale of Trent,
Their lives were torn asunder;
To her home the good Queen went.
Her corse to the tomb be carried,
With grief at his heart's stern core;
And where'er at night they tarried,
Rose a Cross to Eleanore.

As ye trace a meteor's onset
By a line of silver rain—
As ye trace a regal sunset
By streaks of a saffron stain—
So to the Minster holy,
At the west of London's roar,
May ye mark how, sadly, slowly,
Passed the corse of Eleanore.

Back to where lances quiver—
Straight back, by tower and town,
By hill and wold and river—
For the love of Scotland's crown.
But ah! there is woe within him
For the face he shall see no more;
And conquest cannot win him
From the love of Eleanore.

Years after, sternly dying
In his tent by the Solway Sea,
With the breezes of Scotland flying
O'er the wild sands, wide and free,
His dim thoughts sadly wander
To the happy days of yore,
And he sees, in the gray sky yonder,
The eyes of his Eleanore.

Time must destroy those crosses
Raised by the Post-King:
But as long as the blue sea tosses,
As long as the skylarks sing,
As long as London's river
Glides stately down to the Nore,
Men shall remember ever
How he loved Queen Eleanore.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A SERMON UPON MAN.—Who preached that men were only monkeys, who had rubbed off their tails? I wish I had his bust—I would give it the place of honor in my house. By Jove! I believe we are all Gorillas; and Owen, the naturalist, knows it, but is too polite to say so. After I don't know how many thousand years, and I don't care, but we'll take the orthodox six, and say that after six thousand years of working, fighting, thinking, worshipping—of Shasters and Korans and Bibles—of kings and priests and parliaments and republics—of sermons and books and newspapers—of manhings of intellect and countermarchings of religion—of altars and temples and churches and chapels—in a word, after six thousand years of learning how to live, what have we come to? The whole of the most civilized, the most intellectual, the most religious part of the globe, is content to leave it to the decision of one bad man whether half-a-dozen countries shall be devastated with fire and sword, thousands of their noblest and best shall be slaughtered, and their wives and mothers sent mourning to their graves. And Man holds up his head, and talks of his being the image of his Creator. I tell you we are idiotic Gorillas, and shall be dug up by the next race that inhabits this planet, and shown in their museums, with our swords, pens, and prayer-books in glass cases, illustrating the monkey specimens.—*Shirley Brooks (Literary Gazette.)*

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—There is a well-known story of Burns being betrayed one day into a rough expression regarding an argumentative clergyman, who had challenged the merits of *Gray's Elegy*. We shall here relate it, with the addition of place and names, and the still more valuable adjunct of a trait of Burns's reverence towards infancy. It was at the house of Mr. Christison, one of the teachers of the High School, that the incident took place, the occasion being a private breakfast-party. Mrs. Christison sat at the head of the table with her infant on her knee: and Burns was placed beside her. The Rev. Mr. Robb, minister of Tongland, one of the guests, entered upon a wrangling hypercritical canvas of the merits of the famed *Elegy*. Burns defended Gray, but could not silence his paradoxical opponent, who further bored him with very incorrect quotations from the poem. Losing patience at last, Burns exclaimed: "Sir, I now perceive that a man may be an excellent judge of poetry by square and rule, and after all be a d—d blockhead!" There was instant silence, and an unpleasant state of feeling. Burns, however, at once relieved the company, and particularly the lady of the house, by turning to her infant and saying: "I beg your pardon, my little dear." This concession to the sanctity of infancy, while making none to conceit and dogmatism, was often adverted to by Mrs. Christison afterwards, as a remarkable trait of Burns. —*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

☞ Sidney Smith says, "We are happier for life, for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people."

FRED. (*affectionately taking the arm of his friend* HARRY—*as he thinks.*)—"Oh, do look at these beautiful diamonds. How well they would become your sweet sister!"

COAL-HEAVER.—"Come now! you're running a feller."

Fred sees he has made a trifling mistake.

"LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD," &c.—At a masked ball which Louis Napoleon attended in disguise, he was made to hear rather unpleasant truths. Both the ladies who spoke them were foreigners. The first dialogue was as follows: "Do you go to the Tuileries, madam?" A toss of the head with pretty indignation, and the following answer: "No, indeed, I should think not! Who that belongs to society would go to such a place?" The second mishap was this: A very pretty, silly lady fell in with a domino, who amused her, and she asked him who he was. "I am the Emperor," said the domino. "Oh, impossible!" said the lady; "the Emperor is so very ugly! you can't be the Emperor!" though why she should have so resolutely supposed her hidden companion's face might not be ugly, too, I am at a loss to guess. The domino continued: "What, then, you don't think the Emperor good-looking?" "Good-looking!" retorted the fair one. "I think him *dreadfully ugly!*" The domino declined any further colloquy, and glided away. "What were you saying to the Emperor?" asked M. de Morny, a minute after, of the lady. She stood aghast (I told you she was silly), and could not believe her ears when her new interlocutor over and over repeated to her that her domino had been Cæsar himself.—*Literary Gazette.*

ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.—The Dauphiness of Auvergne, wife to Louis the Good, Duke of Bourbon, born 1360, is painted in a garb of which one half all the way down is blue, powdered with gold fleur-de-lys, and the other half to the waist is gold, with a blue fish or dolphin (a cognisance, doubtless,) on it, and from the waist to the feet is crimson, with white "fishy" ornaments; one sleeve is blue and gold, the other crimson and gold. In addition to these absurd garments, the women dressed their heads so high that they were obliged to wear a sort of curved horn on each side, in order to support the enormous superstructure of feathers and furbelows. And these are what are meant by the "horned head-dresses" so often referred to in old authors. It is said that when Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, A. D. 1416, it was necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the head-dresses of the Queen and her ladies, which were all of this horned kind.—*The Art of Needlework.*

Agricultural.

TRIMMING OLD FRUIT TREES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Old apple and other fruit trees which begin to evince symptoms of constitutional decay, should be carefully pruned. All old limbs and decayed wood should be removed, and the stumps protected from the air by a coating of cement. Grafting wax constitutes a good material for this purpose. In order thoroughly to rejuvenate old trees, and render them productive, it will generally be advisable to remove the soil from above the roots for the distance of five or six feet from the trunk, laying bare the main roots, and as many of the smaller ones as practicable. A compost formed of one cart-load of old, well-fermented manure, two bushels of lime, one bushel of gypsum, and five bushels of fresh, unleached wood-ashes, should then be placed over the roots, and covered with the soil thrown out. After this has been replaced, a "*mulching*" of straw should be applied. In many cases, the trunks and larger limbs of old trees are found to be incrusted with moss. This generally affords shelter to insects, many of which are injurious to the trees. This should be carefully removed, and the trunks washed with strong soapsuds, or water in which a small quantity of salt and potash has been dissolved. If the vitality of the trees appears to be very sluggish, it will be advisable to scour the bark with a little sand and water, before applying the suds. This will have a purifying and stimulating effect, and communicate new energy to the system which will be almost immediately apparent, unless the trees are so far and utterly decayed as to be beyond all hope of recovery. A dead limb on a fruit tree of any kind should not be permitted to remain, but should be at once removed. The black "wart," so common on plum and cherry trees, can only be got rid of by cutting off the limbs or branches to which they are attached. If the limbs infested by them are of large size, the warts may be cut out with a sharp knife, or other instrument suitable for the purpose, and destroyed. There is at present no question among the better informed horticulturists and pomologists that this disease is caused by an insect which pierces the bark, and deposits its eggs in the minute punctures which serve as a nidus, and in which they are, in due course of time, developed. The irritation produced by the insects causes a morbid action in the parts contiguous, which results in the disease which, for want of a more appropriate name, has been denominated the "*wart.*" The common red cherry, and almost all the varieties of the plum, not even excepting the more hardy varieties, are often attacked, and not unfrequently destroyed by it. The knife is the most effectual, if not the only remedy. AGRICULTURIST.

SUNDRY ITEMS.

WOOD ASHES.—Those who have wood ashes, and wish their lawn to be covered with a handsome growth of white clover, should powder it pretty liberally with the ashes. It is also excellent to re-invigorate old gardens. One thing it will do in these old gardens—it will enable you to raise a crop of early turnips, sweet and solid; also your radishes and many other vegetables will be very much improved.

PRUNING EVERGREENS.—When evergreens grow too rapidly and straggligly, they should be shortened in, generally abscinding behind the previous year's growth. The leader may be cut off also, where a thicker or more bushy top is desired. Evergreens can be pruned with as much safety and success as other trees. The Chinese arbor vitæ, when it gets large, usually becomes very bare of foliage, and shabby in appearance; to remedy this, and to make it better than ever, *cut off all the branches*, up to within two or three inches of the trunk, leaving a bare pole. In a year it will look very differently.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.—I am somewhat posted in regard to hens and eggs, and I will give you my mode, founded upon an experience of about five years. Up to that time, I was anxiously inquiring of every one how to make hens lay, as I generally kept about fifty, and would get just eggs enough for a man and his wife, if they both had the dyspepsia, for which, as all doctors admit, there is nothing so bad as eggs.

Five years ago I killed off all of the old stock, bought twelve Bramahs, built a hen-house 12 by 20 feet with an out-door yard; in cold weather confined the hens, but when not too severe let them out. Whitewash the house once a year; this keeps it free from lice. In regard to feed, many labor under a mistake; they feed too much. To keep twenty hens through the winter, give, say six ears corn and two quarts oats or buckwheat per day, about twice a week; also, give them shorts or bran, wet with warm sour milk, if you have it—if not, wet with warm water; make it quite wet, and put in a large spoonful of black pepper. Give them all the green stuff you can get—such as cabbage leaves, apple parings, &c. Every fall I kill off the old hens, and save the earliest chickens. Change your roosters every spring.

Since I have adopted this course, I have plenty of nice fresh eggs from twenty hens.—Even in the coldest weather I have from ten to fifteen eggs daily. Hens, like cattle and horses, will do better with good care. People generally think they have no business to be hens, and let them take their chances.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

POTATO PLANTING.—Hon. A. B. Dickinson furnishes the following mode of preventing the potato rot:—"Cut each potato so as to leave but two eyes on each piece, and make that piece as thin as is practicable without injuring the chit or set. If you plant in drills, put these pieces twelve inches apart; if in hills, put three in a hill. Of course, the core of the potato—three-fourths of its bulk, if a large one—is left to be eaten or otherwise disposed of. By this mode the seed goes far, and, should it attempt to rot, it can do comparatively little harm. A large, whole potato will send up larger and more vigorous stalks, but will give no ampler yield. As a further preventive against rot, Mr. D. gives his potato and most other seeds a thin coating of tar, applied as follows:—Pour a pint of tar into ten gallons of boiling water, and stir till thoroughly dissolved. Soak five bushels of potato seed, cut as already indicated, in this tar-water. Now roll in plaster, taking up as much of it as possible, and your seed is ready for planting."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

I. Now is the time to make boxes and put them up for the wrens and blue-birds, if you have not done it already. There is more need of this than there was when the land was first cleared; then the birds could find hollow stumps of trees to build their nests in, but now the thrifty farmer has cleared away the stumps, especially around the house, so that it is necessary that you provide some sort of a box for them, if you wish to have their company and hear them sing. Try it by putting up at least half a dozen, and see if it will not pay. Put those for the wrens near the bees, so that they can pick up the worms and millers that are almost sure to be around the hive.

II. Plant cherry trees, and while you are about it, set out enough for yourself and the birds. It is a great deal cheaper to set out trees that will bear fruit for the birds, than it is to have just enough for yourself, and have to watch them with powder and shot. Let the birds have the first cherries that get ripe; if there are any wormy ones, they are almost sure to get ripe first, and by letting the birds have them, the worms will be destroyed. In setting out a great many of the fine varieties, get those *that are known to be perfectly hardy.* When you select cherry trees, get those on which you can make the limbs come out low, by cutting off the top so that the side branches will start out—no matter if within a foot of the ground; it will be all the better for the good of the tree, and it may be the means of keeping the tree from being killed. If you want your trees to die, trim, or let them grow up so that a boy on a horse can ride under the lower limbs without danger of having his hat knocked off.

III. Every one should have all the strawberries that they want to eat, and this spring is the time to set out the vines. They will grow in almost any situation, and under almost every circumstance. It is almost as cheap to have a bed of strawberries as a bed of sorrel. They will grow upon the same kind of land, and with as little care, but perhaps there is no fruit that pays better for having good cultivation. If you are determined to have strawberries any way, and not take any care of them, plough the ground, and set the vines about a foot apart, and let them cover the ground as soon as possible, merely pulling up the weeds as fast as they get high enough, and you will have strawberries in due season, and all that you deserve. But I hope you will do better than this, and dig up the ground as deep as you can afford to, and set the vines about two feet apart, and keep them hoed, and cut off the runners as fast as they come, and see what nice, large hills they will be next fall, (as large as a peck measure;) and such fruit as you will get off from such vines! Try as large a bed as you can afford to—get the best varieties that you can find, and you will not be sorry.—*Ohio Farmer.*

NOT TOO DEEP.—There is generally a disposition, in transplanting trees, to set them too deep. As a rule, they should be planted somewhat shallower than they formerly stood. With particular respect to evergreens, shallow planting should be observed, the roots of which, in their natural state, approach very near the surface. An evergreen, and indeed almost any tree, when it shows stuntedness, say after being transplanted two years, should be taken up and re-set, or exchange its location with another tree in the same condition.

Useful Receipts.

TO DESTROY MICE.—We take the following from the *London Field*—which ought to be good authority. Fill any pot with the dross of oil, and set it in their haunts; strew about soap-boilers' potashes, and, when the scent of the oil draws them to the pot, the smell of the ashes will so stupify them that they will lie on the floor rolling, so that you may take them up and kill them. The smell of assafœtida will drive them out of a house or granary; and hemlock-seed, if put into their holes, and if eaten, will destroy them.

TO PREVENT GRASS GROWING IN A PAVED YARD.—Pour boiling water over the stones whenever the grass shows itself.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Whiting is the foundation of all common plate-powders, and with plenty of elbow-grease it answers better than anything else. Take 1 pound of whiting, rub it to a fine powder, and sift it; then mix together 4 ounces of spirit of turpentine, 3 ounces of spirit of wine, and 1 ounce of spirit of hartshorn. Rub the whiting down with this in a mortar into a paste, cork it well in a bottle, and use it as wanted. It should be smeared thickly over the silver, then suffered to dry, and brushed off, finishing with chamois leather.

SWEET BISCUIT.—Instead of doughnuts, which we regard as unhealthy, we use a light, sweet biscuit, like those sold by the bakers as buns. The two following receipts, from "The Young Housekeper's Friend," by Mrs. Cornelius, will be found useful:—

"To three tea-cups of warm milk, put a small one of yeast, and one of brown sugar, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter. When this has risen light, which will probably be by the next morning, melt a cup full of butter with one of sugar, and add to the mixture a small nutmeg, a very little saleratus, and flour enough just to mould smooth. Let it rise again, and when perfectly light, roll out and put on tins like biscuit and let them rise again, then bake in a quick stove or oven twenty minutes.

"Or, to one tumbler of milk, put half a gill of yeast, three eggs, one coffee-cup of sugar, two ounces of butter and one small nutmeg. Beat the sugar and eggs together, and rub the butter into the flour, of which use just enough to mould it. Let it rise over night, and proceed as above."

LEMON BUTTER OR HONEY.—Take 8 lemons, grate the rind of 4 of them; the yolks of 12 eggs, ½ pound of butter, 2 pounds of pulverised sugar; beat well, and boil about half an hour, stirring continually. This is considered by some to be fully equal to honey made by bees.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 6, 20, 30, 48, 18, 42, was a sea god.
My 23, 21, 47, 8, 26, 50, was a sea god.
My 37, 28, 46, 32, 19, 31, was one of the muses.
My 48, 7, 2, 3, 30, 14, was a celestial goddess.
My 11, 10, 28, 19, 50, was a sea goddess.
My 12, 31, 33, 23, 45, was the supposed mother of Venus.
My 1, 39, 23, 37, 40, was the daughter of Jupiter and Dione.
My 43, 30, 41, 42, 22, was the queen of the woods.
My 9, 38, 47, 25, 18, 42, 15, were infernal deities.
My 35, 13, 47, 10, was a beautiful woman of Sestos, priestess of Venus.
My 24, 33, 29, 16, 23, 27, was the seat of the temple of the oracle of Jupiter.
My 17, 46, 26, 32, 40, were rural deities.
My 34, 37, 20, 30, 13, 15, were infernal deities.
My 4, 13, 20, 28, 36, 47, was a celestial deity.
My 44, 33, 47, 50, 21, was an animal sacred to Mars.
My 49, 5, 24, 21, 40, was a title of Pluto.
My whole was a celestial goddess. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 27, 13, 10, 4, 9, 17, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 17, 27, 26, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 23, 15, 16, 11, 12, 13, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 2, 7, 24, 20, 27, 5, 24, is a county in North Carolina.
My 23, 2, 16, 14, 5, 9, 12, is a county in South Carolina.
My 18, 8, 22, 11, 8, 6, 28, 3, 14, 15, is a county in Georgia.
My 1, 22, 9, 7, 22, 28, is a county in Florida.
My 19, 25, 21, 26, 12, is a county in Iowa.
My whole was a French poet and writer of great celebrity. EGBERT M. P.

Kenosha, Wisconsin.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was sought on bended knee,
With many a solemn vow;
And used alike on land and sea,
In ancient times, as now.

My second is quite often used,
In forest, cot, or town,
And very often much abused
By those who idle round.

My whole is in most families,
I know of none without;
The first and second both should be
In every house about.

Andrew Co., Mo. M. L. N.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first we always like to hear;
My second we consider indispensable to our wants;
My whole is now before you. HARRY S.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

Erase my 2, 3, 4, 8 and 9, and I am a kind of coin.
Erase my 1, 3, 6, 7, 8 and 9, and I am an animal found in warm climates.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I express sorrow.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, 7 and 9, and transpose, and I am a delicious fruit.
Erase my 6, 8 and 9, and I am found in every parlor.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 9, and transpose, and I am what all must do to live.
Erase my 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, and I am a kind of fish.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8, and transpose, and I am a troublesome pest.
Erase my 3, 5, 6, 7 and 9, and I am worn by the ladies.

My whole is indispensable in the construction of a house.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am Ned.	Not her, a?
Ehard.	Flow lo.
Let rest.	Al. Green.
Name.	Item.
Rose T. pans.	Rat Y Tar.

GAHMEW.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain man wishing to buy a certain lot, consisting of 4½ acres of land, was asked $45 per acre for it. He replied, it was somewhat too dear, to be taken as a whole; but as the land was of very unequal value, acre after acre, he would give $6,40 for the first acre, and for each subsequent acre he would pay in geometrical progression, at the rate of 2½ ratio more. (Thus paying for the second acre, $14,40; for the third acre, $32,40, &c.,) which the seller of the land did accept. The plain questions arise now: What did the buyer pay for the whole 4½ acres? What was the price for the last whole acre sold? (that is from 3½ to 4½ acre out.) What was the price agreed for the last half acre? Did he gain or lose, and how much, by this bargain, from what he would have paid if he had taken it at the first asked price? As, also, what did the land stand him per acre, at a mean rate? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotrersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should shoemakers and milkmen make good sailors during a storm? Ans.—Because they are both used to working at the pumps.

☞ Why is an overloaded gun like an office-holder? Because it kicks mightily when discharged.

☞ Why is the letter G like matrimony? Ans.—Because it is the end of courting.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Natural Bridge, situated in Rockbridge County, Virginia. CHARADE—Shipwreck. RIDDLE—Sling (lingain-in). ANAGRAMS—Thoughtful, Hate, Divinest, Spot, Melody, Sure, Late, Tone, Dare, Framed, Interpreters, Italy. DOUBLE INTEREST QUESTION—Worth of the stock at that time, $1397.542486; he had drawn for his private use, $3030.169944; the gain of the stock for the last half year, $147.542486.